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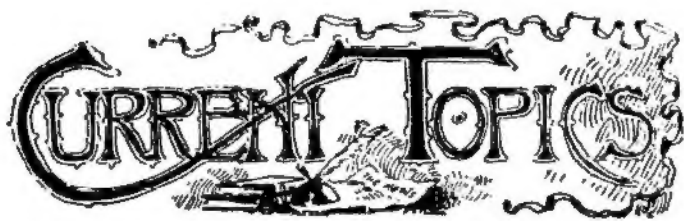
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10th OCTOBER, 1891.



Mr. Mercier's Allies.

MR. MERCIER might well cry "save me from my friends." His chief Press supporters have resolved themselves into two; one, the organ of the "financial agent" whose sudden flight involved his party in such a scrape, the other, an annexationist sheet, totally without influence or reputation, except with the Fenian element. A new ally has sprung to his help in the person of MR. F. W. GLEN, of Brooklyn, who at one time represented South Ontario in the House of Commons, after taking the usual oath of allegiance to the Queen. This worthy man has seen fit to shake off the monarchical dust of Canada; his British citizenship evidently sat lightly upon him, for on taking up his residence in the Republic, he at once began to lift up his voice in blatant admiration of American institutions, and in bemoaning the abject tyranny under which Canada groans. This sort of thing probably proved remunerative, for he has steadily kept it up. His latest effort in this direction is an appeal, through the medium of the New York Sun, to "the advocates of Home Rule for Ireland," urging them to support MR. MERCIER by gifts of hard cash. His arguments are apparently irresistible. He states that \$100 sent MR. MERCIER will do more to aid the cause of Irish Home Rule than \$1,000 in the ordinary way, on the ground that if the talented Count gets enough money he may "raise the flag of independence and annexation;" that the annexation of Canada will result in the establishment of the Republic of Great Britain and Ireland. Many thick-witted people may fail to grasp the connection throughout this chain, to say nothing of recognizing its probability; but to MR. GLEN's massive intellect it no doubt is perfectly clear. He follows up this specimen of his lucid reasoning by a letter to a prominent Canadian daily, in which he reiterates his adherence to annexationist doctrines, and stating that he has been an avowed advocate of that foul doctrine since 1853. This is not at all unlikely as he is the son of an American, and was born and educated under the Stars and Stripes; it is therefore not a matter of surprise that his

fierce young intellect should so long ago as 1853 yearn for the addition of Canada to his native country, and share in its glories of legalized slavery and mob law. His confession is worth noting, however, from the fact that while still holding views of determined opposition to British rule, he solemnly swore that he would bear faithful and true allegiance to the British Crown. What an honourable gentleman he must be.

Foreign Interlopers.

There is far too much of this outside meddling in our affairs. Where a foreigner addresses his fellows on Canadian topics, solely with reference to his own country's gain or loss thereby involved, no one has any right to gainsay him; but when he shows his lack of good breeding by a continual series of impertinent statements on matters purely Canadian, and in which he and his people have no business, he becomes a nuisance, and deserves treatment usually accorded to nuisances. As a rule, Canadians and Englishmen seldom comment on the domestic policy of the United States, nor with its party politics; and the best class of Americans in political and journalistic life are far above that continual interference in Canadian and British local politics which seem to interest so greatly their less prominent brethren. Canadians are perfectly able to conduct the affairs of the Dominion without assistance or intervention from foreign hands; and, more than that, they propose doing so. By attending strictly to their own business, and trying to remedy abuses that exist and flourish at home, American politicians would do their country a good turn, and give no occasion for bitter feelings from outsiders who have no need or wish for their services or advice. When open for either, we can get all we want from Great Britain without calling on our foreign friends.

The St. Clair Tunnel.

The opening of the St. Clair tunnel is considered, by those best competent to judge, to be one of the most important mechanical events of the century great as the century has been in the development of technical skill. To Canadians it should be a matter of special pride, not only from its having been projected and undertaken by a great Canadian railway company, but from the fact that the mechanical skill and energy that have been shown throughout its construction, and which have brought it to a successful issue, were thoroughly Canadian both by the birth and training of their possessors. To the Grand Trunk Railway too much praise cannot be given for its inception of the ideas; SIR HENRY TYLER has justly received the highest encomiums from all sides for the wisdom he has shown in originating the scheme, and his persistence in aiding its successful completion by all the means in his power. His name adds one more to the list of Royal Engineer officers who have done wonders in the development and successful operation of great public works in Canada. SIR JOSEPH HICKSON and MR. L. J. SEARGEANT, the past and present General Managers of the line, have systematically and carefully watched its progress, and given their counsel and assistance on all possible occasions. MR. JOSEPH HOBSON, the Chief Engineer, must to-day be a proud man to see the work to which he has devoted his rare skill and unremitting attention for the past four years a magnificent success; Canada is no less proud of him as one of her sons. His talent, energy and care shown in this enterprise have at once brought him into the front rank of the world's great engineers

No greater praise can be given to the Grand Trunk Railway for its success in this enterprise than to say that this work it has just completed is one of the most notable performances that have ever been attempted on the continent.

The Death of Mr. Parnell.

In its way nothing so surprising has occurred for many years as the almost simultaneous decease of two of the most noteworthy figures in British political life, and of a third who has of late come into no little prominence in the same line. Of the three, the death of MR. PARNELL vastly overshadows the others, although in position and wealth they left him far behind and were men of no little ability. In the case of the Irish leader, a short fifteen years compassed a public life full of the most varied incident, and directed by an iron will, which, strange to say, was to a large extent exerted on behalf of a class to which he was foreign by social habit, education and general surroundings. His sudden death at this time is a dramatic *dénouement* to a life which cannot be called a happy one, and of which the last twelve months must have been a period of unremitting pain. During his long reign as leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, hope of success and the sense of unquestioned autocracy must have been his sole pleasures, standing, as he did, distinctly apart from his colleagues on many points, and separated from the more congenial fellowship of his political opponents by the extreme revolutionary views to which he at times gave utterance. His life was a succession of vivid incident, and his restless energy and indomitable spirit did much to draw attention to the inequalities under which Ireland laboured, and which have been to a great measure ameliorated within the past ten years. His error was excess of fervor in his opposition to Imperial authority; not but what he was himself always under perfect self-control, but he made no effort to restrain the fiery zeal of his followers, who went to extremes both in language and action that materially hindered the consummation towards which they were striving. Far too much was made of the disclosures of last autumn, and his punishment was infinitely in excess of what the offence demanded. That the personal obloquy he then received helped to shorten his life there is no reason to doubt, although this must be mainly attributed to the defection of so many of his followers and the adverse results of his recent political campaign. Mr. Parnell was in all points a man of such marked abilities that his premature death must be considered even by political opponents as an unquestioned loss to the *personnel* of the Empire.

To Our Subscribers.

Orders for our Christmas Number are now coming in freely; as the edition will be a limited one, we would recommend our friends to send in their orders without delay, and thus ensure prompt delivery.

Prize Competitions.

We may state that the answers and MSS. received for the Question and Literary competitions are being examined as rapidly as possible, and we hope to be able to notify the successful contestants in a very few weeks.

OUR DRAWINGS

MRS. S. A. CURZON.

Sarah Anne Curzon was born in England, in 1833, and early engaged in literary work, her articles, both verse and prose, being accepted by various periodicals of standing. Coming to Canada in 1863, she has done noble work for her adopted country, having clothed in graceful verse many forgotten incidents of our past, thus awaking an interest in Canadian history in the minds of many heretofore indifferent, and rescuing from oblivion much that is valuable to the lover of country. Indeed, many of us have cause to blush at the indifference we have hitherto shown when we see the appreciation of our northern land, for Mrs. Curzon's poetry is permeated with intense love of Canada. Indeed, she has done more than this; she has given to us her heart. Her life has been a busy one, full of household cares: the happy mother of a family, she has found time to identify herself with various organizations, for raising humanity. She was one of the first members of the Toronto Woman's Literary Club, which did excellent work in obtaining the opening of Toronto University to women. Mrs. Curzon devoted her pen for some years almost entirely to this and kindred subjects, being full of the love of humanity, and in accord with all philanthropic aims. She is secretary of the Woman's Enfranchisement Association of Canada and an officer of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Add to all this a distinctively religious character, and her purely literary work, and we see, indeed, a busy life. In 1887 Mrs. Curzon published a volume of poems on the war of 1812, accompanied by copious notes, showing careful historical research, the chief of which commemorates in stirring verse the brave deeds of Laura Secord. This poem is in the form of a drama, and the same theme appears as a ballad. In her poems we almost see the poet's life shining through with all its varied interests. A very clever little comedy, "The Sweet Girl Graduate," was written while the agitation for the admission of women to the University was at its height, and Mrs. Curzon's younger daughter was one of the earliest to receive the degree of B.A. "Fort Rouillé" and "Queenston Heights" show her patriotic feeling, "The Absent Ones" and "Away" give us glimpses of the home circle. Others, as "Backwoods' Preacher" and "Thy Word," show deep religious feeling. The "Ballads of Spring" and "Ballad of the Beautiful" reveal powers of humour and sarcasm not often found in the poetry of women. In the "Songs of the Great Dominion," lately published in England, a serious injustice has been done to Mrs. Curzon, as, by an unfortunate blunder, out of the poems chosen to represent Mrs. Curzon only a scant twelve lines appear, while others have many pages allotted to them. There is a strength, purity, and nobility of expression, and an intense appreciation of the various moods of nature which we find in none but the true poet. The *Canadian Monthly*, *Grip*, *THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED*, *The Week*, have all been enriched with the products of Mrs. Curzon's graceful pen. She is also an appreciative reviewer. For two years she was sub-editor of the *Canada Citizen*, advocating civic sanitation, social purity, woman suffrage, public playgrounds, and kindred topics relating to public health and morals. Mrs. Curzon possesses that excellent thing in woman, a sweet, low voice, and her fair presence conveys the idea of modesty and dignity—a true lady showing again, as has been shown before, that the possession of literary gifts and the taking part in the struggle to lift woman, and thereby man, and the world in general, does not destroy true womanliness. It is to be hoped that Canada may not be slow to acknowledge her indebtedness to one who has done her such noble service.

THE OLD FORT AT ANNAPOLIS.

This is an old view—taken about fifty years ago—of part of the military buildings at the historic old town of Annapolis Royal, N.S. An interesting sketch of the history of the old fort appeared in the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* of 6th July, 1889, to which we would refer our readers.

WHEAT GROWING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

With the immigration so rapidly coming into our Pacific Province, the area of land under cultivation is fast increasing, and a large percentage of this is devoted to the production of wheat. The illustration shown on page 344 is from a photograph of a field on Judge Spinks' ranch, about a mile north of Vernon, B.C., a farming settlement in the Okanagan Valley, Kootenay District.

STEAM TRAM-CARS AT SYDNEY, N.S.W.

In view of the indifferent street-car service in all Canadian cities, and the especially poor system in Montreal, a view of the tram-cars used in an Australian city may be of interest. It will be seen that one engine draws two carriages, each of which has two stories; the lower divided into compartments with sliding doors; the upper two long benches back to back and open to the street. The top is covered, affording shelter from sun and rain, while in very bad weather the doors in the lower section keep it as dry and warm as an ordinary railway carriage. The system is immeasurably ahead of anything in America, and could be adopted here with a vast gain to the comfort of the people.



MRS. S. A. CURZON.

When first introduced the engines occasioned some alarm to horses; but this soon disappeared, as in the case of British cities where similar trams are in use.

NOTRE DAME DE LOURDES' CHURCH, MONTREAL.

This is one of the most striking pieces of ecclesiastical architecture in the city, and is the object of much attention from visitors. It was built in 1874, and is large and substantial in every particular; it will accommodate 3,000 persons. Its congregation is largely drawn from the most fashionable French families in the city. The Rev. C. J. Maillet is the priest in charge.

ON HAMILTON BEACH.

The breathing space for the citizens of Hamilton is the Beach, a pretty strip of land about six miles from the city. It is a great summer resort for hundreds of wealthy residents whose handsome cottages almost line it from end to end. The beach itself has a picturesque formation. It is a narrow strip of land seven miles long and not much over a hundred yards wide, separating Hamilton Bay from Lake Ontario. The Bay is a large triangular sheet of water about twenty one miles in circumference, having a depth at some points of over ninety feet, and it seems almost a miracle how this narrow barricade of land has managed to rise from its waters

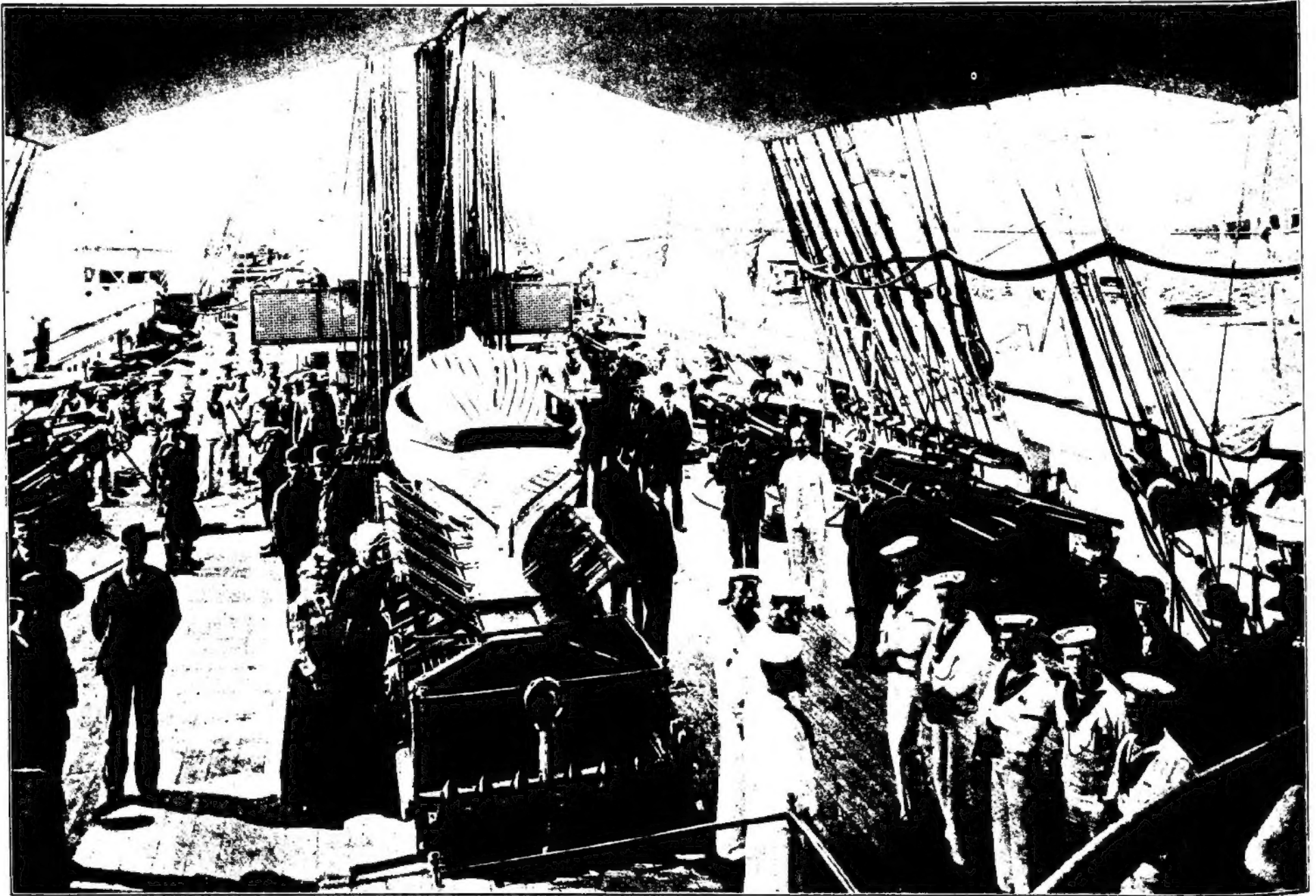
until it has completely separated the Bay from the Lake. Some years ago the Government constructed a canal through the Beach and built long piers extending from a distance out in the lake to a corresponding distance within the Bay, so as to furnish access for the largest vessels into Hamilton harbour. On these piers two light houses were placed, whose graceful outlines can be seen in the adjoining sketch. Later on a line of railway was built along the Beach, crossing this canal by a swing bridge, which has recently been the scene of an unfortunate railroad accident, involving loss of life, a train having come along at night when the bridge was open and plunged into the deep waters beneath. In 1874 the most of the Beach was leased to the city by the Dominion Government at a nominal rental, and the city had it surveyed into lots, streets laid out, and took it under the supervision of the municipal corporation. The lots were soon taken up by wealthy citizens, who erected residences there, in which they spend the summer months. The number of these residents has been constantly increasing of late years, and now from the south end of the Beach to the canal, a distance of about three miles, there is a continuous street of pretty villas, under whose deep, cool, shady verandahs a hot August afternoon can be pleasantly spent. North of the canal the Beach is devoted to campers, and whole families go down there to dwell in a city of tents that springs up as if by magic as soon as the first hot weather sets in. This season over two hundred tents were pitched along one strip of beach, and at night the numerous camp fires reflected on the white walls of the tents and the sparkling waters of the Lake made quite a brilliant illumination. Just before the heavy equinoctial gales set in these hardy campers "fold their tents like the Arabs and steal away"—not silently, however, for the closing ceremonies of camp life are usually marked by a round of festivities, camp-fire concerts, clam and corn bakes. During the months of July and August, every Saturday afternoon, there is something going on, and during the week there are band concerts in the evening for the enjoyment of the crowds who run down from the city for a breathing spell. It is a favourite place for boat racing, on account of its peculiar location. Whether the wind blows from the east or west there is always smooth water to be had for the oarsmen, either on the Bay side or the Lake side of the Beach, and the facilities for seeing the races are superb. During the recent double scull champion race between the Hanlan-O'Connor and Gaudaur-McKay crews over twenty thousand people viewed the race from the shore, the piers, or the long line of boats and steamers that lined the outside of the course. Every year the Beach residents have a regatta of their own, in the competition at which none but bona fide residents are eligible, and immense crowds of their friends go down from the city to view the races, water polo and other aquatic sports. In one of his sketches our artist has selected the scene on the long promenade by the Bay shore on such a gala day. The Royal Hamilton Yacht Club has recently erected a very handsome club house near the canal for the

accommodation of its members, who number over seven hundred, and the picturesque structure adds much to the appearance of the locality. Farther down the Beach there is a church for the residents, and not far off the beautiful children's Sanitarium, erected by Senator Sanford, a health resort for poor children during the sultry days of summer. In this admirable institution many of the beds are endowed by individuals and societies connected with the city churches.

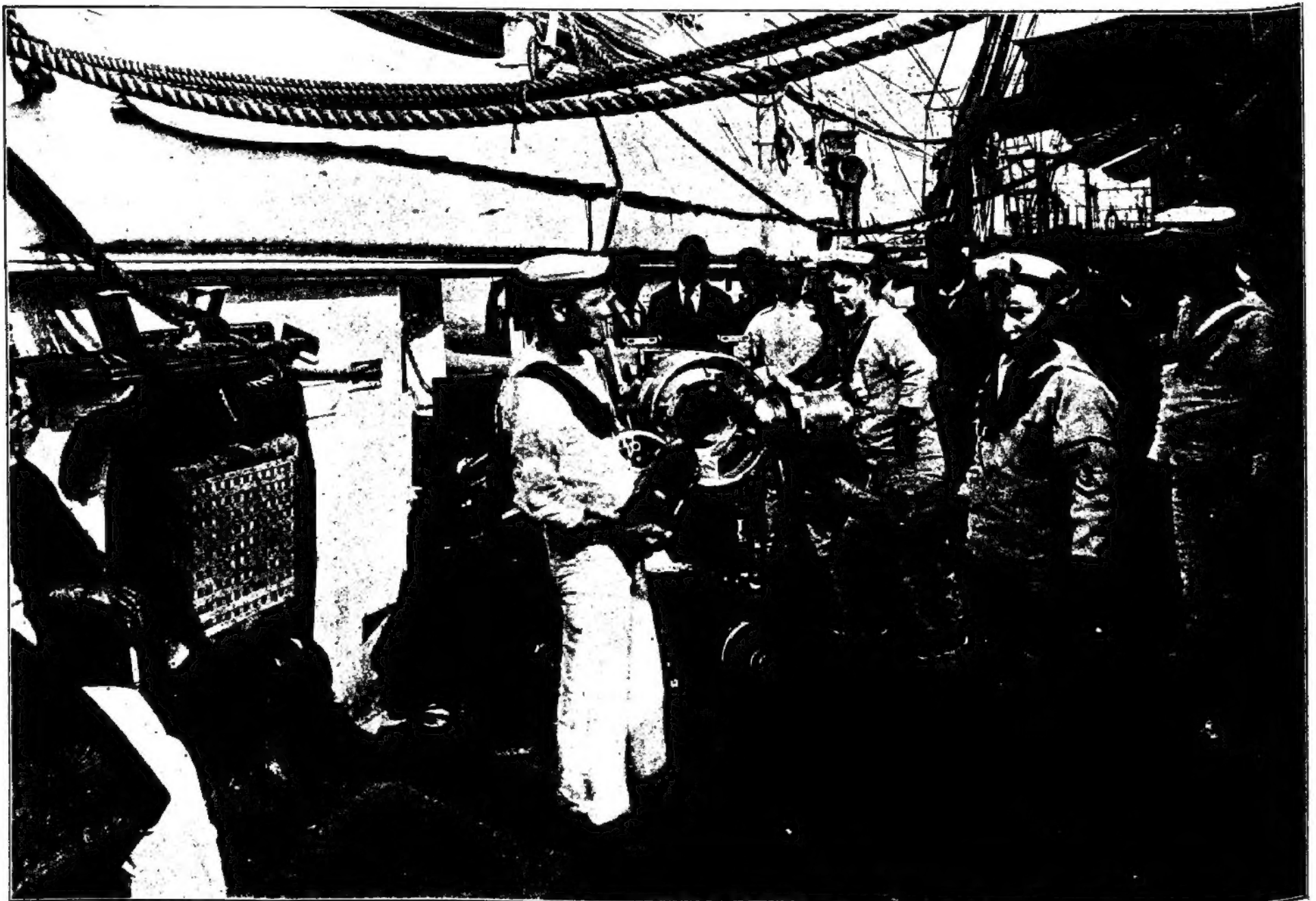
IN BEACON HILL PARK, VICTORIA, B.C.

No traveller who has visited Victoria, but must confess that Beacon Hill Park is one of the most beautiful pleasure grounds on the continent. It covers about three hundred acres, a large portion of which is laid out in garden, and is a mass of beautiful foliage. The park is situated near the sea, and the loonger can drink in the salt air and feast his eyes on the natural and artificial beauties that surround him. It is especially gay on Sundays and holidays, when the citizens of Victoria resort there in great numbers.

Following upon the Duke of Portland's agitation in favor of doing away with the bearing or check rein from carriage horses, the Queen has directed him, as her master of the horse, to take off the bearing reins from the horses that draw the royal carriages.



VISITORS' DAY.

LOADING A GUN ON THE MAIN DECK.
H. M. S. TOURMALINE.

H. M. S. "TOURMALINE."

This journal had occasion to note recently the festivities attending the visit of the French corvette Bisson to Montreal. A like source of interest and pleasure has been the visit of H. M. S. Tourmaline, which arrived on September 17th and remained in port until the 26th. It was expected that the Canada would come this way, but orders having been issued to replace her guns with new ones, she was unable to come, and the Tourmaline, cruising in the Bay of Fundy, was ordered back to Halifax, and thence to Montreal. The latter vessel was in Montreal two years ago, but since then has been re-commissioned, and has few of her old officers on board. The Tourmaline is a third class, one screw cruiser, ship rigged, and was launched in 1875. She is 220 feet long, breadth 40 feet, and her draught 17 feet 4 inches. She carries four 6-inch and eight 5-inch breech-loading guns and eight machine guns. Her crew consists of 240 men all told. Her commander is Captain John H. Rainier, and the other officers are: Lieutenants, Arthur H. Shirley, John A. Colwell, A. H. Freeman, and W. F. Slayter; staff commander, Francis Roberts; lieutenant of marines, Cecil Henderson; staff surgeon, Geo. W. Bell; paymaster, John A. Wood; chief engineer, Elijah Thomas;

naval instructor, Arnold Cleeve, B.A.; assistant paymaster, Walter R. Ward; engineer, Edwin C. Cudlip; assistant engineer, H. J. Little; Gunner, William Carr; boatswains, John Hawkes and James Kennedy; carpenter, John H. Dareey; naval cadet, Gerald Ducat; clerk, John Feecey. The midshipmen are Allan C. Bruce, Chas. D. Ricketts, Harry C. J. R. West, Gerald Cator, Harry R. Shipster, Gerald H. Walsh, Frederick W. Kinahan and Geo. W. Mason.

This was Capt. Rainier's first visit to Montreal. He has commanded the Tourmaline two years, having previously been in command of the Kingfisher, on the East India station. He comes of a family of naval officers, and has two brothers in the service.

One of the officers, Lieut. Slayter, is a Nova Scotian.

The Tourmaline men were heartily welcomed by the citizens, and everything was done to make their stay pleasant. They even had the unusual naval luxury of telephone communication from the vessel. On Saturday afternoon the blue jackets took part in the military parade at the Exhibition Grounds. A gun detachment, under Master Gunner Cox and two companies, 105 strong, of small arm men, under

Lieuts. Freeman and Slayter, were in the ranks. The exhibition by the gun detachment in dismounting, mounting, loading and firing, and the cutlass and rifle drill of the other detachment were loudly cheered by the vast crowd that filled the grand stand and fringed the fences in that vicinity. On Sunday, the 20th, a large number of the men attended morning service at St. Thomas' church, being escorted to and from the church by the band of the Royal Scots of this city. Others of the crew went to St. Patrick's, St. James' Methodist and St. Andrew's churches. On Monday evening a civic reception was tendered the officers at the City Hall, and besides members of Montreal's civic government and numerous other prominent citizens, a number of visiting aldermen from Hamilton were present. The affair was a pronounced success in every particular.

The officers of the various regiments of militia in Montreal paid every courteous attention to the visitors, and added greatly to the pleasure of their stay. The Academy of Music and the Lyceum were opened to them, the former for one, and the latter for two evenings, and Sohmer Park welcomed them for three nights during the week.

There is a lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars on board the Tourmaline, and through the kindly offices of Mr. M. W. Corbett, D.C.T., Montreal, fraternal courtesies were exchanged between the members and those of city lodges.

Throughout their stay the gallant tars found more engagements than they could fill, and some of them declared that in no city had they ever been more royally entertained. The Tourmaline sailed on the morning of Saturday, 26th September. The vessel herself goes out of commission next year, and will probably not be seen here again, but her officers and men will always be sure of a hearty welcome in Montreal.

The Fascination of Kipling.

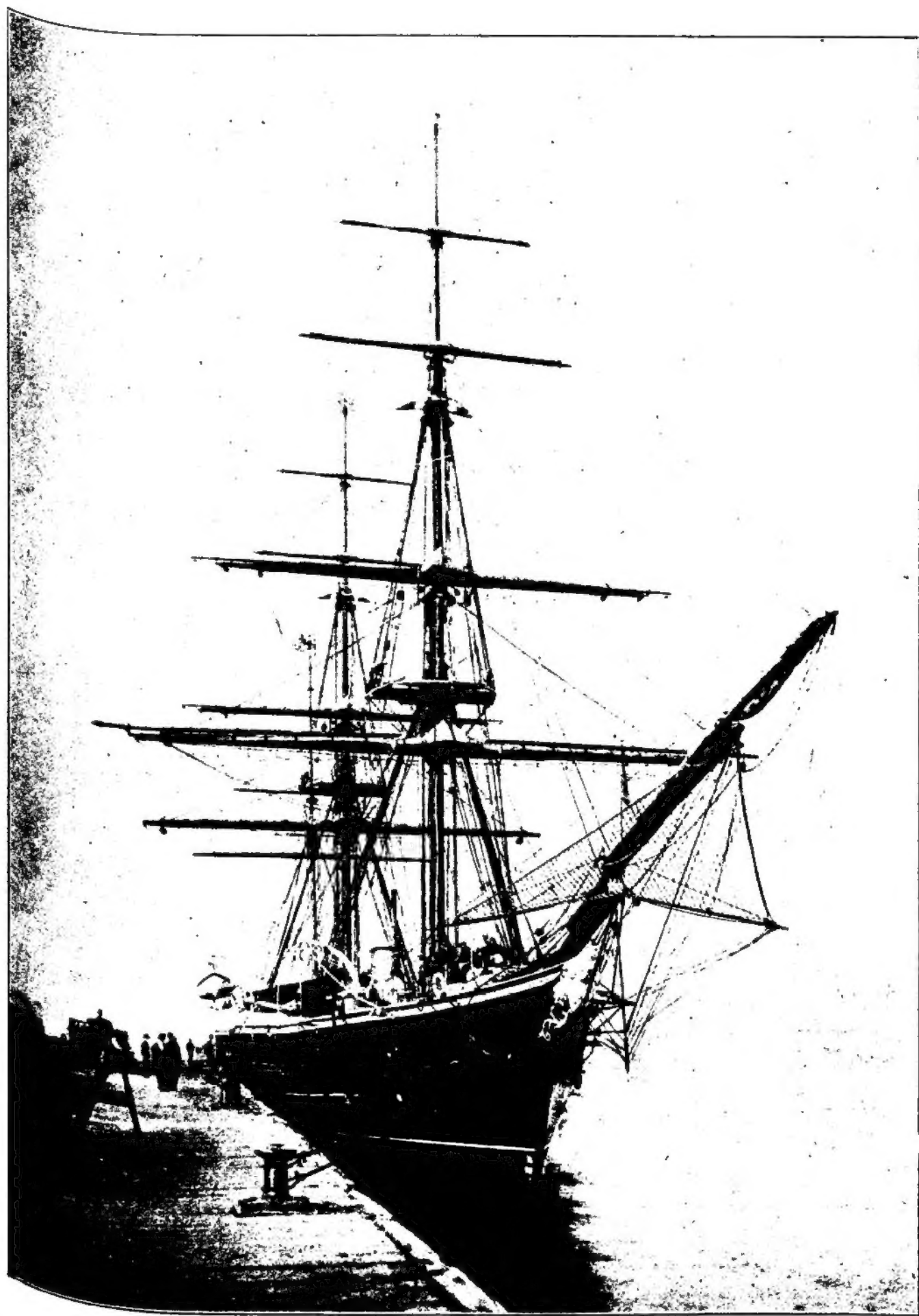
Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes to the October *Century* a critical essay on Rudyard Kipling, from the introduction of which we take the following: "I cannot pretend to be indifferent to the charm of what Mr. Kipling writes. From the first moment of my acquaintance with it it has held me fast."

Mr. Kipling does not provoke a critical suspension of judgment. He is vehement, and sweeps us away with him; he plays upon a strange and seductive pipe, and we follow him like children. As I write these sentences, I feel how futile is this attempt to analyze his gifts, and how greatly I should prefer to throw this paper to the winds, and listen to the magician himself. I want more and more, like Oliver Twist, I want all those 'other stories'; I wish to wander down all those by-paths that we have seen disappear in the brushwood. If one lay very still and low by the watch-fire, in the hollow of Ortheris's greatcoat, one might learn more and more of the inextinguishable sorrows of Mulvaney. One might be told more of what happened, out of the moonlight, in the blackness of Amir Nath's Guliy. I want to know how the palanquin came into Dearsley's possession, and what became of Kheni Singh, and whether the seal-cutter did really die in the House of Suddhoo. I want to know who it is who dances the *Halli Hukh*, and how, and why, and where. I want to know what happened at Jagadhri, when the Death Bull was painted. I want to know all the things that Mr. Kipling does not like to tell—to see the devils of the East 'rioting as the stallions riot in spring.' It is the strength of this new story-teller that he re-awakens in us the primitive emotions of curiosity, mystery, and romance in action. He is the master of a new kind of terrible and enchanting peep-show, and we crowd around him begging for 'just one more look.'

Republican Culture—How American Boys are Trained.

I had as deep-seated a prejudice against a British red-coat as our turkey gobbler exhibited to a red petticoat, when he drove my sister into the house. Thus I was taught that the highest achievement in life was to get behind a stone wall and shoot a Britisher, and I longed for the time when I should grow up to do it. So thoroughly was this drilled into me, that in after life it was a matter for reasoning on my part whether I should treat an Englishman decently.

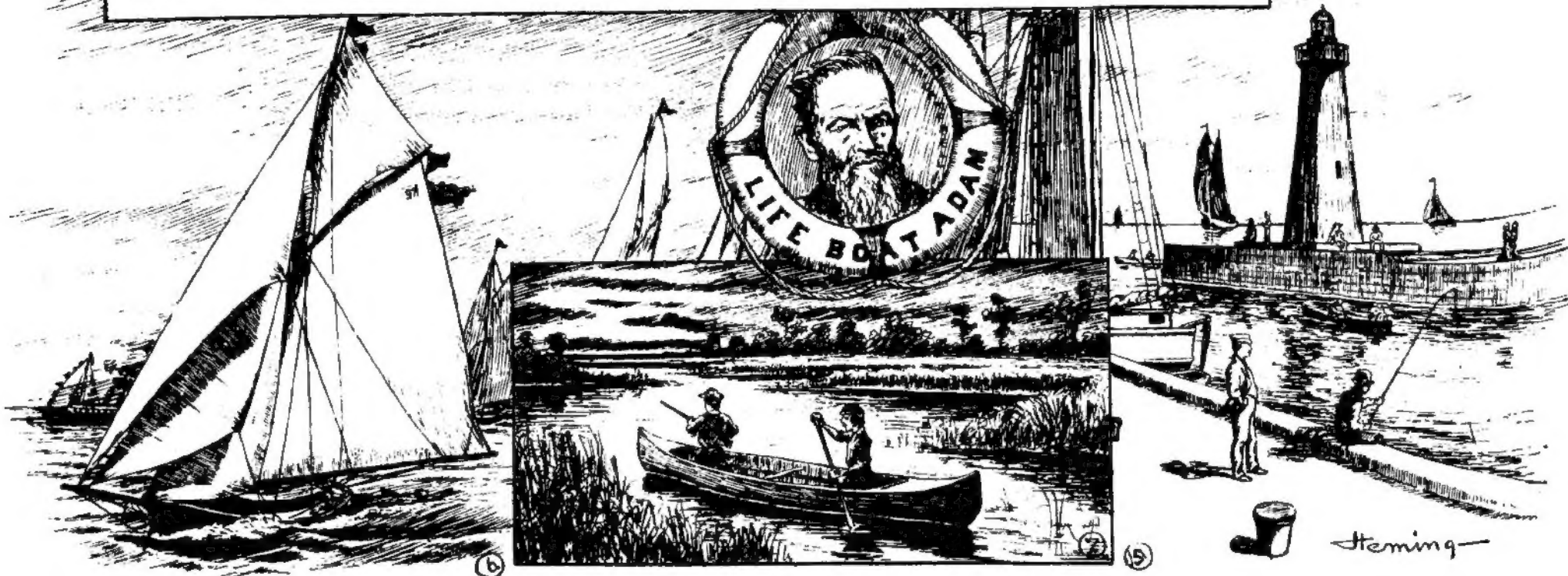
The difference between this feeling and that which I had toward the Frenchmen, who fought us with the Indians, and who helped the savages scalp us, was that the French were poor fellows who did not know any better; and besides, the French had helped us in the Revolution against the British, so that we would forgive them, but the Britishers, never!—From "Benjamin Butler's Boyhood," by himself, in *New England Magazine*, for October.



H. M. S. TOURMALINE LYING AT THE DOCK.

"Hamilton Beach"

- ① The Stone Lighthouse. ⑤ East Lighthouse.
 ② The Bay Side. ⑥ The "White Wings".
 ③ The Promenade, Bayside. ⑦ Duck Shooting
 ④ A Camp near Brant House





OLD FORT, NEAR ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.
(From an old print.)

Stray Notes.

One of the boys of a class that was being examined before the Rev. Sydney Smith, or other English wit, persisted in pronouncing the word "patriarch" "partridge." The wit declared that the boy was making game of the prophets.

On hearing two angry female disputants wrangling from the windows of their respective homes, on opposite sides of the street, the Rev. Sydney Smith remarked to his companion: "Those women will never agree, as they argue from different premises."

An Irish labourer was fixing a drain in front of the Rev. Dr. Abernethy's house. The wrathful doctor roundly abused the poor man for piling the stones before his door, and answered the offender's question as to where he should put them, by telling him to place them in hades. The other quietly said, "yer honour, if I put them in heaven they'll be more out of your way."

Two Irish duellists, of unequal size, confronting each other on the field of honour, the stout party demurred on the ground that he was more likely to be hit. The famous John Philpot Curran was present and suggested that the dimensions of the lean combatant be chalked on the person of his opponent, and that no bullet striking outside the chalk line should count.

An Irish beggar man once asked Sir Walter Scott to give him sixpence. Not having the exact coin named, he gave a shilling instead, and remarked to the son of Erin, "Remember, you owe me sixpence." "May yer honour live till I pay you," was the answer.

Old Hawkie, a noted character and wit of Glasgow, Scotland, was asked what he thought was the height of Nelson's monument on the "Green." He reflected a moment and said it was the height of d—d nonsense.

A sailor on rescuing a drowning man at Greenock was offered a shilling for his trouble, but indignantly refused the paltry sum. A bystander advised him quietly to take the money, as the unfortunate man knew the value of his own life best.



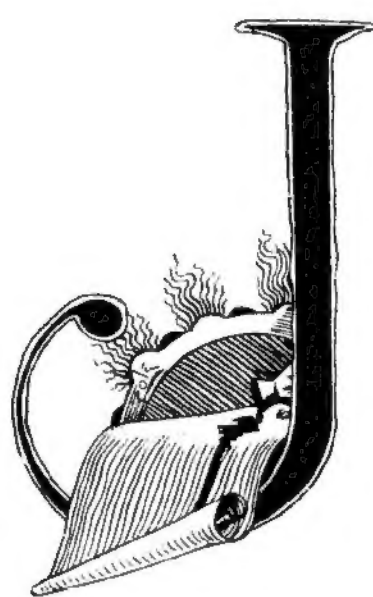
OLDEST TOMBSTONE IN SOREL CEMETERY.



VIEW OF HARVEST FIELD ON JUDGE SPINKS' RANCH, VERNON, B.C., JULY, 1891.
WHEAT GROWING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.
 (A. D. Morgan, photo., Vernon, B.C.)



TORONTO, October 2, 1891.



JUST glancing over last week's *Militia Gazette* my eye fell upon the article, "Ottawa Soldiers on Duty," and my heart being warm to our defenders, I looked to see what duty had been required of our Ottawa men. I found it was in the matter of the strike at Hull that they had been called out, and had acquitted themselves well. But there is something unsoldierly, in my view, in one item of the report, namely, that their Colonel

in dismissing them had "complimented them on their good behaviour." Why shouldn't our militia-men behave well? And why should they be complimented on it when they do? There is something puerile—fine-ladyish about it that ill accords with that manly attitude of mind that one expects from a man, and that would make such a compliment an insult if looked at from the highest stand-point of duty,—the Nelson stand-point for instance. I hope Col. Anderson and his men will take this remark as it is meant, and as no reflection on them. The habit of complimenting each other for doing our duty is becoming altogether too common in all positions of public life, and reminds one of the old proverb,—“Too sweet to be wholesome.”

I am glad to see from my copy of the *Orillia Packet*, just delivered, that the Exhibition of that thriving little town had its Art Gallery. "Twenty three pieces—oil, water-colour, etching, &c.—were shown by the Orillia Amateur (Art) Circle, of which the Rev. Canon Greene is the moving spirit." Canon Greene is far too high in the ranks of art to be counted as an amateur himself, and it is a happy thing for Orillia that the rev. gentleman has added to the duties of his sacred office an extrinsic duty not less sacred, of teaching the young the value of all God-bestowed talents, and encouraging them to their cultivation.

* * *

Not everybody knows that the Major Shrapnel who resides at Orillia, and lately sent the picture of 'a bold soldier boy,' in full uniform, to the Toronto Exhibition, is the inventor of the famous Shrapnel shell so long in use by the British artillery.

* * *

The 'boy' of Major Shrapnel's canvas is G. M. Black, the boatman, who was 'out' in the Fenian raid of 1866. I was so indiscreet as to ask a young gentleman, to whom I was showing the mourning badge worn by Toronto citizens on the day of the funeral of those killed at Ridgeway, if he remembered the raid, and received something of an indignant glance in reply. To me it seems but the other day since that hasty response to the call to arms that set the city in a fever of excitement, yet it is twenty five years ago.

May I add a few words to your contributor's of last issue, that 'Government House, or Cottage, as it is generally called, came into prominence as the temporary home of Madame Riedesel, wife of the General commanding the German troops in Burgoyne's army."

In my "Drama of Laura Secord," Act 2, p. 29, I make the old revolutionary sergeant, in descanting upon brave women he had known, say

"But now your words recall
 The name of one, the bravest of her sex,
 So far as e'er I saw, save perhaps the Baroness."

It is the Baroness Reidesel to whom the sergeant alludes, as I have explained in a note, and of her the

Saturday Magazine for May, 1835, states incidentally, in the sketch of Lady Harriet Acland (whose heroism Sergeant George recites in the play), "On the march of the 19th, the Grenadiers being liable to action at every step, she (Lady Acland) had been directed by the major, "her husband," to follow the route of the artillery and baggage which was not exposed. At the time the action began she found herself near a small uninhabited hut, where she alighted. When it was known that the engagement was becoming general and bloody, the surgeons of the hospital took possession of the same place, as the most convenient for the first care of the wounded.

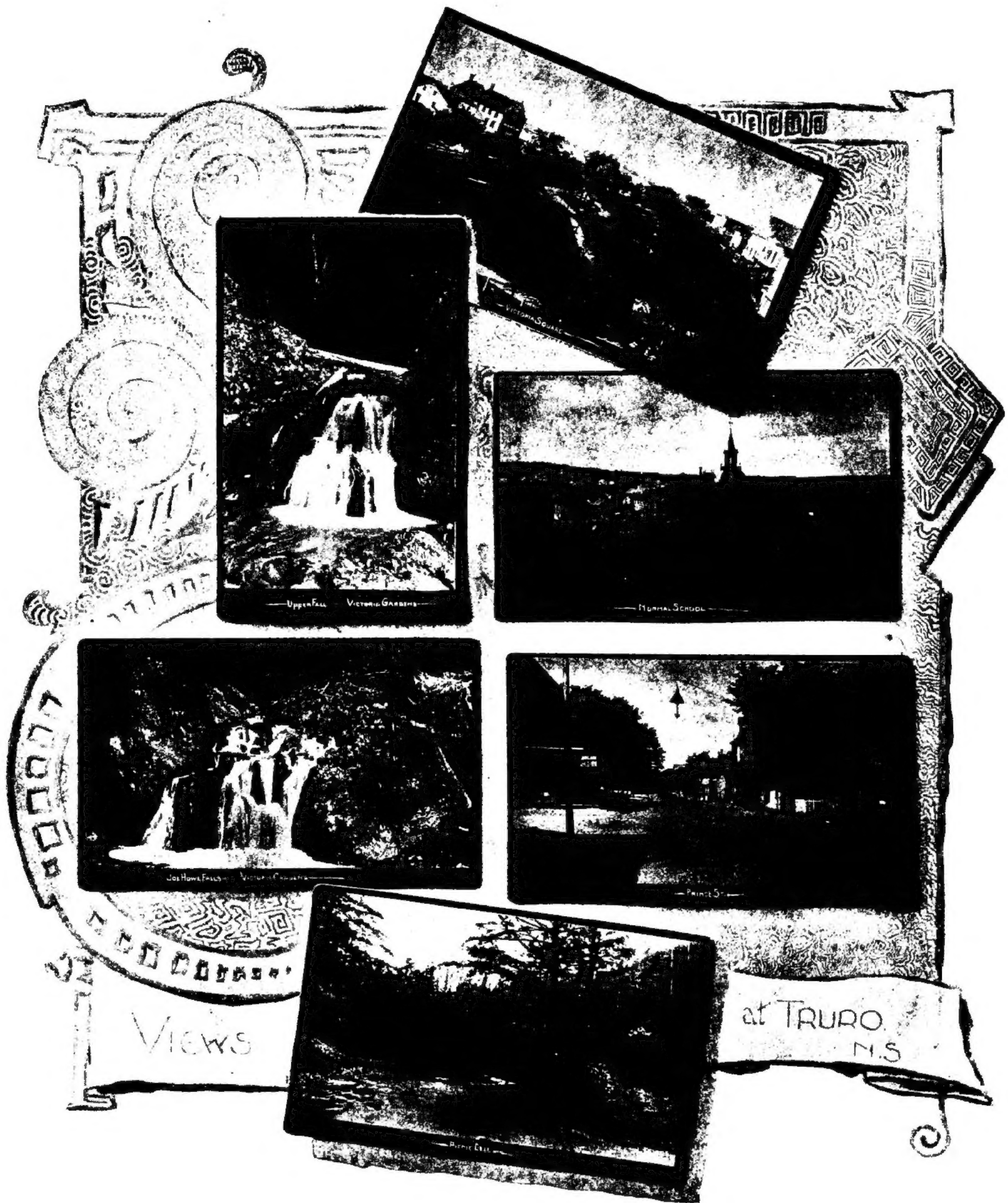
"Thus was this lady in hearing of our continued fire of cannon and musketry for some hours to ether, concluding from the post of her husband at the head of the Grenadiers that he was in the most exposed part of the action. She had three female companions, the Baroness Reidesel and the wives of two British officers,—Major Harnage and Lieutenant Reynell; but in the event their presence served but for little comfort. Major Harnage was soon brought to the surgeons very badly wounded, and a little while after came the intelligence that Lieutenant Reynell was shot dead."

The story is told by Burgoyne himself in his "State of the Expedition to Canada."

* * *

Academic life is again active; students arrive by every train; housekeepers are preparing for their winter boarders; Knox College grounds are being made a little tidier; Wycliffe College has moved to its new home, and opens with a sermon by the Bishop on Monday, a whole week being devoted to dedication services, and ending with a 'Quiet Day,' under the conduct of Rev. Dyson Hague, of Halifax, N.S. I hear that the college chapel is very beautiful and has five fine coloured windows, which I hope to look at on Monday. Trinity and Toronto Medical Colleges and the Women's Medical College opened yesterday, the 1st, with the usual lecture,—that at the Women's College being delivered by Dr. Susanna P. Boyle, one of its own graduates.

S. A. CURZON.



SCENES IN AND ABOUT TRURO.—(See next page)

A RAMBLE THROUGH TRURO, N.S.

ITS PARKS, GREEN FIELDS, DYKES AND SINGING WATERFALLS.



ON the south side of Salmon River, at the head of the Minas branch of the Bay of Fundy, lies embosomed in a fertile valley what MacGregor, in his *British North America*, styles the most beautiful village in Nova Scotia—the historic Cobequid of the Frenchman—the town of Truro.

A pleasant outing I had there very recently will long linger in my remembrance.

Truro, the shire town of the County of Colchester, derives its name, so we are told by Israel Longworth, its sympathetic historiographer, from the English town of Truro “at the mouth of the River Falle, in Cornwall, England, a place memorable in British history for the surrender of Lord Hopeton’s troops to General Fairfax, after the battle of Nasby.”

Few traces at present remain of the original settlers at Truro.

“The removal of the French from Nova Scotia in 1755, narrated with some want of accuracy as to the impending circumstances, though most beautifully and pathetically described by Longfellow in his *Evangeline*, led to the settlement of Truro and other parts of the Province with a desirable class of British subjects. Shortly after that unfortunate occurrence Governor Lawrence issued proclamations to induce immigration to the places the Acadians had occupied, and on the ninth of November, 1757, wrote the Lords of Trade that he was well convinced, 20,000 families might be commodiously settled in these localities;” including Cobequid, the former district and present County of Colchester. The proclamations were attended with the most desirable results for the welfare of Nova Scotia, not the least important of which was the settlement of the Cobequid Townships by an English-speaking population.

“Haliburton states that the first British settlers were Irish emigrants from Londonderry and its adjoining Counties to New Hampshire, from whence they were removed to this province by Colonel McNutt, who was the agent of many settlements both in the United States and Nova Scotia. Also that in July, 1759, a volunteers corps was raised to serve in Fort Cumberland, in which were a number of Irish from New Hampshire. Some of them, in consequence of the proclamations of Governor Lawrence, visited Truro, and in the following year, 1761, returned with several families of their countrymen, and made their first effectual settlement.” (*Israel Longworth*.)*

An admirable address delivered by Sir Adams George Archibald, C.M.G., Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia, on the 13th September 1882, on the occasion of the 121st anniversary of Truro’s Natal Day, throws much light on the history of the rising town. At the present time, the *Genius Loci* is unquestionably that identical public-spirited man. I instinctively felt it a duty to pay my respects to the veteran statesman and a privilege to be admitted to the *arcana* of his sweet rustic summer home, with no other claim than that of a co-labourer, like Sir Adams, in the field of Canadian history. Nay, on alighting from the train, literary vanity nearly led me to compare myself to the illustrious author of the “Sketch Book” landing in Liverpool half a century ago. Washington Irving felt that the great commercial seaport was summed up to his literary eye, as the home of the elegant historian of the Medici, Roscoe. Truro, the aspiring young town, specially appeared to me as the *sanctum* place of good Governor Archibald, the Nestor of our leading statesman, one who helped Sir John A. to give Canada a status among nations, and who, after holding for two terms the highest post, that of Lieut.-Governor in his native province,

Nova Scotia, and for one term in the budding province of Manitoba—our western granary—returned to his green groves and loved library to enjoy, amidst the respect of his fellow-men, at fourscore, the evening of a long and honoured career. A special link connected his literary career with my own; both of us for years had presided over the destinies of leading historical societies in the Dominion, he to the renowned historical society of Nova Scotia, and myself to the old Literary Historical Society of Quebec. I felt quite in touch with the literary landmark of the place, indicating its existence to the traveller; shall I add, with the author of the “Sketch Book,” speaking of Roscoe “He is like Pompey’s column at Alexandria, towering alone in classic dignity.”

One meets here two distinct, widely apart epochs in history—two civilizations. Whilst the old dykes and their strange traditions recall the remote era of French occupation—of which that sweet singer, Longfellow, warbled in our ears such seductive tales, so ruthlessly interrupted by New England on that fatidical 5th September, 1755, the cheery town park, the shrill whistle of the locomotive, near the town hall, the electric light, blazing over the squares and lawns and even in the dwellings at nightfall, the cheerful suburban villa, with its graceful elms and garden plots, proclaim that progress has here let fall its fecundating germs and that the Anglo-Saxon has not in vain wrenched these fertile fields from an unprogressive race. Let us hear what Truro’s gifted son has to say:—“It is something over 121 years, says Sir Adams Archibald, since the first British settlers penetrated to this place with the intention of making it their home. We do not take into account the evanescent visit of the French Acadians. Their occupation, such as it was, hardly extended to uplands or to forests. The entire extent of the cleared land in all Truro did not exceed 100 acres.

“Small patches of clearing there must have been, for houses and gardens, but beyond these, no encroachment appears to have been made on the forest. What was done in the way of agricultural occupation had reference to the marshes. A few embankments, some of them not a mile from the spot we stand on, remain to this day to bear witness that some effort had been made to shut out the tides from the higher mud flats.

“The Acadian French had gradually extended their settlements eastwardly from their headquarters at Port Royal. They had spread along the little streams which fall into the Bay of Fundy. They had made settlements at Minas and Pisiquid and had gradually penetrated to Cobequid to a place a few miles below what is now Truro. There they had erected a house of worship, from which the adjoining waters was called *Cove d’Eglise*. This name, by a liberal Protestant translation, has adhered to the place. The settlement is called Mass Town to this day. Some Acadians, continuing the progressive settlement eastwardly, had, about this time, moved farther up the Bay to this part of what was then known as Cobequid. Then came the cruel edict of the 5th Sept. 1755, which banished the whole Acadian race from home and country and scattered them as wanderers in the old British colonies, among a people who, to them, were heretics in creed, and aliens in race.

“How many of these people had settled in Truro proper, we have no means now of knowing. It would appear by an enumeration of the French inhabitants quoted by Surveyor General Morris in a report of his made just previously to the expulsion of the race, that between Isgonishe (or as it was then called Chaganois) and the head of Cobequid Basin, which he states as a distance of two leagues, there were 20 families. Of this section, what is now Truro was the most remote part, but assuming the twenty families to be equally dis-

persed over Lower and Upper Onslow, Bible Hill, the Upper and Lower Village of Truro, and Old Barns, it would give to each of these places an average of less than four families. A country with inhabitants so scattered, and they just entering upon the lands, can scarcely be said to have been settled at all. They must have had some houses, such as they were, but these were probably destroyed when the people were driven away.

“At all events, six years afterwards, when the British settlers came, there were no vestiges of houses to be found within a range of many miles from this spot. Two barns indeed were still standing, a fact which is perpetuated in the title of “Old Barns” so long applied to the part of Truro where the buildings stood. This name, with its historic value, remained till some restless innovator arose in the settlement and succeeded in burying it under the new fangled title of “Clifton.”

“After the expulsion of the Acadian French, many of these people who had escaped to the woods, or had returned from exile, were found to be hovering around their old homes—a circumstance which occasioned much alarm to the Local Government of the day.

“At this time Cape Breton belonged to France, and the Governors of the Island were constantly plotting against the peace of Nova Scotia, using the Acadians and the Indians as their instruments. The route lay between Tatamagouche and the upper waters of the Bay. A short portage between the sources of the Waugh River and of the Chaganois, as it was called, was all that impeded the passage of canoes between Cape Breton and the Bay of Fundy. By this route and by the Shubenacadie Lakes, an expedition was projected against Halifax, when that town was only a few years in existence, which, if it had been as vigorously carried out as it was ingeniously planned, might have had a disastrous effect upon the infant colony.

“The alarm felt by the Local Government appears to have extended to England and to have given rise to the policy, then adopted, of having the vacant lands settled by a race of Protestants who had no injuries to avenge, and who might be counted on as loyal subjects of the Crown. Very considerable sums of money were expended by the Imperial Government in this service. Special inducements were offered to immigrants, such as transport to the Province, grants of cleared lands, and aid in the first years of settlement. In this way in the year 1760 were settled Granville and Cornwallis, Annapolis, Horton and Falmouth. Early in 1761 Newport was settled, and in the latter part of the month of May of that year a body of immigrants landed in this township, and another in Onslow.

“We can have no difficulty in picturing to ourselves the scene presented to the eyes of the new comers. The dykes built by the Acadians were broken. The tide had resumed its sway over the muddy expanse which extended westwardly from the Lower Ford, so called. One vast sheet of dreary mud flats reached from the intervals of the Salmon and North Rivers all the way down to Savage’s Island. Above, to the east all was wilderness. The lovely meadows, which now form so fine a feature of the scenery on North and Salmon Rivers, were then covered with the virgin forests, of which a few elms only now survive. From either side of the bay, the flats on the opposite shore were skirted by a forest which extended away as far as the eye could reach, till the tops of the trees on the hills were outlined on the sky. The flats were unsightly objects, but they furnished the material for splendid hay grounds, when reclaimed from the tide; but this involved labour and much of it. The forest afforded a fine sight, but, to the new settler’s eye, the sight of fields was much finer, and before a forest could become a field, there was much work to be done. But our ancestors did not come here to be charmed with the sight of forests, or disgusted with that of mud flats. They had work to do that left little room or time for mere sentiment. First, their seed was to be put in the ground. The season was already late enough, but before they could prepare such ground as was

*Mr Longworth is the author of an excellent biography of the Hon. Samuel George William Archibald—for years a leading figure in Maritime Province politics—of an address on the Natal Day of Truro in 1881 and of an interesting sketch of Judge Simon Bradstreet Robin, of Nova Scotia, I. C.

above the tide-level and free of forests, for a crop, the season was far advanced. Then a great drought occurred. The seed sown in dry ground was followed by a crop which made its feeble appearance on the surface only to be withered by a fiery sun. Later on came severe frosts. The crop was largely a failure, and the stout hearts of the settlers must have quailed when they thought of the coming winter and how little preparation they had been able to make for it; but they had no time to repine. They had now their houses to build. Fortunately this was not a tedious business. A few trees chopped down and cut into lengths, then hewed and piled on each other, gave the four walls required. Poles surmounted with bark made a roof—places for windows and doors were sawed in the walls—and a chimney was soon improvised. A square frame-work of sticks, plastered inside with mud, gave all the flue that was required, while a huge opening below offered a fire place large enough to warm and light the apartments with logs felled at the door. Fodder for the cattle during the winter was secured by mowing and curing the salt grass which grew on the higher mud flats. When this was safely stacked the settlers went to work to repair the old French dykes. Fortunately for them, the remnants of the dykes were there to show them the nature of the work to be done. They had had no experience in their old home of the devices required to draw sustenance from land below the level of the sea, and must have spent much unnecessary labor, as indeed did the French before them, in erecting the immense mounds which, in those days, were thought necessary to ward off the tide. However, stout hearts and strong hands they had; and, with the old dykes repaired and secured, they could, notwithstanding their loss of crop, look forward with hope to the next season when the seed could be sown in due time. Meanwhile the Government had come to their relief, and had lent them 600 bushels of corn to tide them over the winter, to be repaid at a future day, if demanded. This was at the rate of five bushels per head of the inhabitants, and was a seasonable aid."

Lack of time precluded my delving deeper into the interesting annals of this fair town of 6,000 souls—one of the gems of the Maritime Provinces. Under Sir Archibald's kind escort through the outlying district, I had leisure to note several perceptible elevations in the river bank—remains of the old French dykes—the rich alluvial pasturage, the waving wheat and hay fields, the cosy farm houses on the green shores of Lake Salmon. At one slightly elevated point the whole Truro settlement was basking in sunshine in the valley at our feet.

We retraced our steps in time for an early dinner, reaching through a willow-shaded avenue—Sir Archibald's lovely villa "The Cottage," as it is familiarly styled. It crowns a shady ascent, decked with a turban of greenery; a noble brotherhood of elms, willows and spruce, casting a grateful coolness across the garden walks and over the secluded rustic seats.

Truro had still in store for me another attractive sight: its park and foaming waterfalls—of which Sir Archibald is one of the trustees. I shall allow the old Governor to describe this fairy spot. "The hills says he, which surround the town like an amphitheatre, afford from their crests the most varied and striking views. Some fifty years ago when the late Joseph Howe was just beginning a career of great distinction, he wrote and published in his newspaper, under the head of 'Eastern Rambles,' some racy sketches of the scenery of this part of the Province. One or two extracts from them will show, not only how highly Mr. Howe appreciated the beauties of Truro, but also what a vigorous pen he wielded, even in those early days when his style was comparatively unformed. We shall find in these extracts, abundant traces of the sound sense, combined with the lively imagination, and genuine humour, which distinguished his later productions. Take this account of his visit to the Falls, about a mile south from the railway station. From that day to this, the scene is unchanged. There is not a word of Mr. Howe's eloquent description less appropriate at this moment, than it

was on the day it was written. No tourist should leave Truro without a visit to the spot.

Following up a small stream which runs along a narrow strip of meadow, that extends to the rear of the fields on the southern side of the Village, as you recede from the cultivation and improvements of mankind and approach the wilderness and primitive negligence of nature, a sudden turn to the left shuts you out from the softened and beautiful scene of mingled meadow and woodland and encloses you between two high ranges of land, that rise up on each side of you as abrupt and precipitous, as the waves of the Red Sea are said to have towered above the host of Pharaoh. The small stream is still murmuring at your feet, and pursuing its way sometimes over, and occasionally under, a luckless windfall that the violence of some Borean gust has stretched across its current. For the distance of 100, perhaps 150 yards this ravine is highly picturesque and attractive. It keeps narrowing as you go on; its sides, which are in most cases crowned with trees and shrubbery to the very edge, offer most singular and attractive combinations, and you find your progress in some places nearly impeded by the lower steps, so to speak, by which the waters descend from the highlands to the quiet vale below. After clambering sundry ledges and rural staircases, formed by the projecting points of rock, old stumps, and bending saplings, and after stopping a dozen times to gather breath, or admire the minor beauties which claim a portion of your notice, ere you arrive at the chief attraction, you come in sight of a steep rock, which having been thrown across the ravine has for ages withstood the efforts of the falling waters, to push it from its place or wear it away. From the level of the clear pool at its base to the summit over which a narrow and beautiful stream descends may be about 50 feet. * * *

'Lay thee down upon that rock my gentle traveller which the heat of the noon day has warmed, despite the coolness of the neighbouring waters, and there with thy sense half lulled to forgetfulness by the murmurs of the falling stream, thy eyes half closed, and thy spirit all unconscious of earthly turmoils and care, give thyself up to musing, for never was there a more appropriate spot than the Truro Falls, for our old men to see visions, and our young men to dream dreams. You are as effectually shut out from the world, as though like Colonel Boone, you were at least 100 miles from a human being, and, if you are poetical, you may weave

rhymes; if you are romantic, you may build castles in the air, and if you be a plain matter of fact man, you may pursue your calculations by the side of the Truro Falls without the slightest danger of interruption. Should you be advanced in years, my gentle traveller, how must you sigh that Time will not allow you a discount of twenty summers, and place by your side within the quiet shelter of this beautiful ravine the chosen deity of your youthful adoration. Oh! would not her accents of acknowledged affection mingle delightfully with the falling waters? and would not every vow you uttered catch a solemnity and power from the retired holiness of the scene? Perhaps on that very rock where you recline many an expression of pure and sinless regard has burst from lips that, after long refusal, at length played the unconscious interpreters to the heart. Many a chaste, and yet impassioned embrace, has made eloquent acknowledgment of all that the young heart has dared to hope; and perhaps we err not when we say, that there are, among our numerous readers, many a happy couple, who, while tasting the pleasures of the domestic circle, bless the balmy summer eve when they first strayed to the Truro Falls.'

"Since the day that Mr. Howe wrote this eloquent and beautiful passage, who can say how often the fates of young people have been decided under the soothing influence of those descending waters."

After lingering a few moments amidst the fairy-like scenery, I bid adieu to Truro and its singing waterfalls, hoping to again return.

"AU REVOIR."

J. M. LEMOINE.

Spencer Grange, August, 1891.

It may not perhaps be generally known that Capt. Smith, R. N., has the credit of making the fastest trip across the Atlantic, that is, from land to land, yet made. Capt. Smith was in command of the Allan line steamship *Parisian* in 1888. The steamer left Moville at 5 p. m. on Friday, the 17th August, and at 8.35 p. m. Tory Island was passed. At 1.45 on the following Wednesday Belle Isle was passed, and Captain Smith announced that the Atlantic had been crossed from land to land in 4 days, 17 hours and 10 minutes. This is said to be the quickest time ever made. There were 818 persons on board the *Parisian*, including Sir Alex. Campbell, Hon. Mr. Mowat and the Bishop of Rupert's Land. A complimentary address was presented to Capt. Smith, signed by the Bishop of Rupert's Land and others.



ON THE RIDEAU CANAL, LOOKING TOWARDS KINGSTON FROM THE G.T.R. BRIDGE.

OUT WEST

III.



BOLDER mosaics stud the prairie in oft repeated spots under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. The observant eye of the lover of Nature seizes with keenest relish, in the early spring time, rare specimens of wild flowers which lie in rich profusion among the foothills, where dwell the prairie gods. When Nature has laid aside her garments of green, and the scorching tongues of the prairie fires have licked the ground free from the luxuriant grass, the black, dismal looking surface reveals circles of stones and long lines of boulders which the natives of the plains, in the years gone by, have placed to mark some deed of daring or mysterious rite performed at the request of the gods upon the plains. In Southern Alberta stone circles are oft-times seen upon the prairie, marking the spot where the lodge has been pitched in travelling. A simple occurrence indeed, yet one which is apt to be surrounded with mystery and magnified by the tyro in Western lore. Cairns of stones designate the spot where an Indian battle has been fought, or a famous warrior or chief has fallen. Within the primitive hamlet of Macleod there stands a line of stones, ending in a circle, which is a sacred record made by faithful native historians concerning the fate of one of the noblest chiefs of the Blackfoot confederacy. Not far from the Blood Indian Reserve a line of small stones, about three miles long, silently tells the story of some great adventure. Mystery enshrouds the record of a line of massive boulders which stretch from the St. Mary's river to Blackfoot Crossing, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The natives speak in hushed tones of a period in the dim ages of history, when Napioa, the "Old Man," the Secondary creator of the Blackfeet, was pursued by a massive rock, which was angry at him for some deed of mischief, and so quickly did it follow that it flew into pieces, becoming strewn across the plains.

The imaginations of the dwellers in the Southern lodges must have been greatly excited: as they followed the course of the Belly River until they reached Lethbridge, gathering, as they went, the petrified fish which are found in the gravel of the river. A score of years has not passed by since a famous battle was fought between the united tribes of Bloods and Piegiens against the Crees on the banks of this river, opposite the coal city of Southern Alberta. Interested story-tellers still sit in their lodges, surrounded by a group of young men, relating the stirring deeds of that memorable day when the Cree Indians were subjected to a terrible defeat.

Upon the lower banks of the river, formed by the alluvial deposit, there stands a sacrificial stone which, during the regime of the whiskey traders, was revered by the natives, a sacred stone of mysterious import. Numerous gifts encircled this stone of mystery, emblem of the devotion of the red men. It was painted with the brown earth, a near approach to the red colour, symbolic of the sacrifice for sins, and the cleansing power of blood.

Memory lingers awhile to seize upon the ideas common to the red and white races, which are found in the religions of these people, the hope of immortal life, an overruling Providence, punishment for sin, the power of prayer, salvation by means of sacrifice and the blessedness of a pious life.

Westward from New Oxley stands a relic of bye-gone years, a fort with stone walls, circular in form, with an approach, striking indications of the arts of man. It is filled with sand and brush. Upon a mound this strange relic is erected, widely separated from any eminence, and well suited as a mound of observation and a fortress for defence. Having examined it hurriedly, it seemed to be a freak of nature, but upon a more thorough investigation there might be disclosed evidences of man's handicraft, and here we might be able to read a page of unwritten history, giving unto us a revelation of the ages.

Northward the traveller pursues his way until, beyond Sheep Creek, his attention is arrested by a massive boulder, quietly sitting on the hillside, bearing on its shoulders another boulder of large dimensions. How came it there, is the query of the traveller, but he listens vainly for an answer. We are dwelling in a land of mystery. The monotonous prairie is silent no longer, but the language spoken needs an interpreter.

Thrilled with the stories of the past, we silently sit awaiting the revelations of the future, for the hills and valleys of this western land are filled with traditions of the ancient days, and sometime the soul, in its waiting attitude, attuned to the spirit of the time, will become the blessed recipient of unwritten story and song.

Moosejaw, Assa.

JOHN McLEAN.

A Bad Place for Bachelors.

Georgia is going to tax bachelors. A bill for that purpose has been brought into the Legislature and the House Committee on Hygiene and Sanitation has reported it favourably. Under its terms it will cost a Georgian \$25 to begin the bachelor business at 30 years of age, and on a rising scale of \$25 for five years a man at sixty and over will be at the expense of \$200 per annum for the privilege of going without a wife.

Nescio et Felix.

One night, with some unquietness and dread,
Or fear of boding ill within my soul,
I fell to sleep. Before me like a scroll
Lay bare the coming years. In them I read,
Clear writ as in a book or chart, the vast
Futurity, with all its joy and grief,
Success and failure, love, hate, unbelief
And faith, and that blind parting at the last:
Whereat my soul recoiled, nor could it bear
To muse on so much labour; better far
Not to have been, or else to be, perchance,
Like the dumb brute, existence without care
Or consciousness. But with the morning star
I woke, and thanked God for my ignorance.

Love.

William Wilfred Campbell, in the October Century.
Love came at dawn when all the world was fair,
When crimson glories, bloom and song were rife;
Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,
And murmured, "I am life."
Love came at even when the day was done,
When heart and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,
And whispered, "I am rest."



BLACKFOOT CHIEF BULL BEAR, SQUAW AND PAPPOOSE.



THE GHOST DANCE (No. 1.)

The Ghost Dance.

The latest novelty in the way of amusement practised at some of our fashionable summer resorts is known as the "Ghost Dance." It is managed in this way: The ladies and gentlemen, guests of the hotel, who are to act as ghosts, array themselves in their gruesome garb (sheets and pillow-shams of their bed-rooms), preserving great secrecy. When ready for the sport the lights of the parlour are suddenly and mysteriously turned down, leaving but a faint glimmer; a march is played by the orchestra and the ghosts file into the parlour in couples; the music is changed to suit a quadrille, and the dance begins. All this is done so suddenly and so secretly that the other guests who happen to be in the parlour at the time are taken by surprise and stare in hushed astonishment at the spectral group moving in their white habiliments with measured steps, in the obscurity that fills the apartment, so brilliantly lighted but a moment before. Legends of sheeted churchyard visitants, wandering among tombstones in the pale moonlight, crowd upon the memory of the spectator, and as the dance proceeds it is some minutes before he can realize that the dancers are something more than shadows. When sufficiently recovered from his dazed perplexity to grasp the reality, he laughs at the joke, and declares it is worthy of a place in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. Fully agreeing in this opinion, we give the "Ghost Dance" in our present issue. It is from a flash-light photograph, taken at St. Leon Springs by Martin.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes*



HERE is something amusing if not pathetic about the apprehensions with which the average foreigner regards his first Canadian winter. When the leaves begin to turn he probably breathes his fears into the sympathizing ear of a physician, with enquiries as to his capabilities of endurance; then he sallies forth upon the search for warm clothing. I may remark just here that the tannanter may be pretty good and becoming; but the stranger who chooses it in preference to a fur cap may find that he has laboured under a misapprehension. It is a peculiar fact

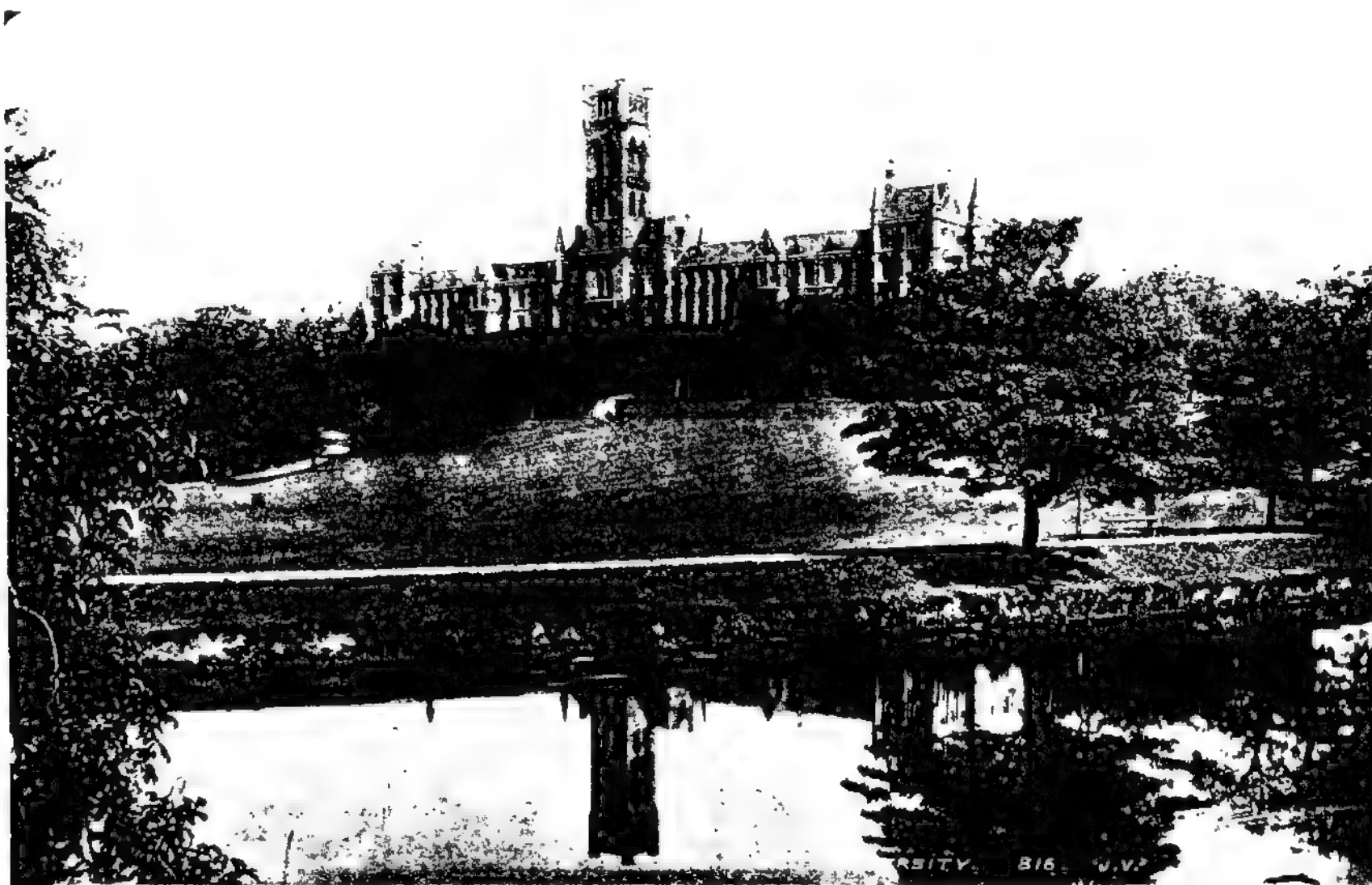
supplied with fur robes; and generally we manage to fight Jack Frost pretty successfully.

.....
Doubtless many of the readers of this journal are familiar with the name and work of Mr. William Bradford. I believe he has lectured in Montreal; at all events he is expected to lecture there sometime during the ensuing season. Mr. Bradford has become celebrated as the painter *par excellence* of the scenery of the far north, the land of the midnight sun. He has conducted several expeditions north for the sole purpose of studying Arctic scenery; so that he may be regarded as an authority, as indeed he is. Having lectured by request before the most learned societies abroad, and upon this continent, Mr. Bradford's conscientious work has received high recognition; and his paintings command a high price, some selling as high as \$12,000. Naturally this artist stands high with Arctic explorers. The unfortunate De Long and his family, Greeley and others, have been close friends of Mr. Bradford; as also literary men, such as Wilkie Collins, whom he entertained while on this continent. During a recent holiday I had the pleasure of meeting this distinguished artist, and of being invited to peep into his studio. Mr. Bradford resides by the sea in the delightful village of Fairhaven, Mass.; in which neighbourhood also reside J. G. Whittier, Louisa M. Alcott, Theodore Thomas and other celebrities. His studio occupies a very old wooden building at the extreme end of Union street wharf, commanding a charming outlook. Storm-beaten, weather-stained, and salt-soaked, this picturesque old building stands in a remarkable state of preservation; though it is estimated as being over a hundred years old.

.....
Ottawa as a rule has been rather free from labour complications. Outside of the lumber industry there is not a great deal of labour employed in this district. Commercially, Ottawa and the adjacent city of Hull may be regarded as one. The prosperity of the lumber industry is intimately connected with the prosperity of Ottawa. Consequently anything tending to unsettle this industry is regarded in Ottawa with grave apprehensions. The recent strike is remarkable for the absence of anything like bitter feeling on either side. It has been conducted as a matter of business, in a business-like way. As between employers and employed the equities seem to be pretty evenly divided; but it is generally conceded that the strike was ill-timed. The mills expected shortly to close for the winter anyway, so that at the worst it would only be closing a little sooner.



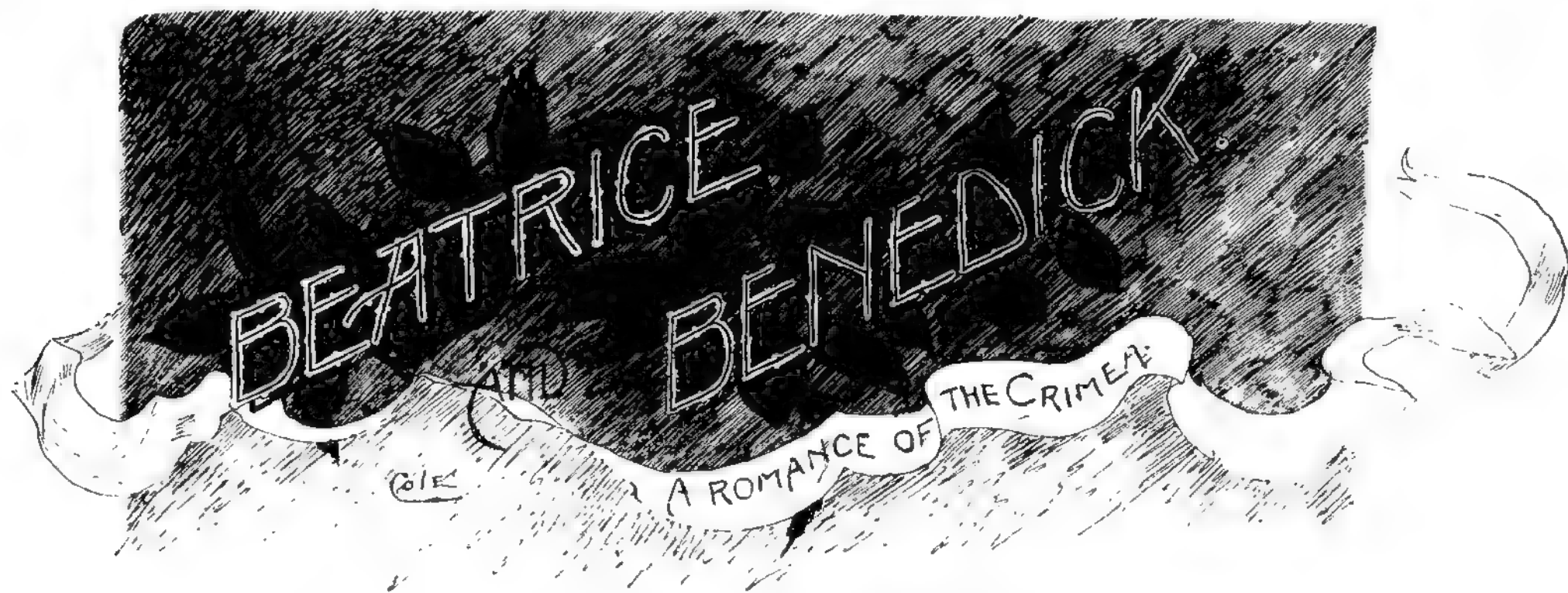
THE GHOST DANCE (No. 2.)



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.



HA-HA BAY, SAGUENAY RIVER.



BY HAWLEY SMART.

Author of "Breezie Langton," "At Fault," "Tie and Trick," "Long Odds," "Without Love or Licence," &c., &c.

(Exclusive rights for Canada purchased by the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.)

CHAPTER XV.—MISSING.



HE mid-day storm of carnage is over. That we have been beaten at the Redan is well known, and all attempt to take that work is for the present abandoned. The perpetual rattle of musketry confirms the report that the French have got the Malakoff, and are still fighting hard to retain it, in the Karabelnaya suburb. What we are to do next is canvassed on all sides—both in the trenches and out of them; both among those in the advance and those in the reserve.

As Tom Byng pithily expresses it—"It's not likely we are going to stand a — of a licking like this quietly: more especially as those French fellows have got in. Kicked out, by Jove, is the only way I can describe our leaving the Redan!"

The artillery duel *à outrance* seems to have been tacitly abandoned for the present. Like two dogs that have fought, both sides seem engaged in licking their wounds and catching their breath, preparing to renew the combat; only the spattering fire in the Karabelnaya suburb tells that the foe still clings to the hope of ousting the French from the Malakoff. So at least was his pertinacious resistance in that part construed by the Allies. Subsequent events showed that even the gallant Todleben at last recognised that the game was up, and that the struggle was only prolonged until darkness should cover their retreat.

Sunset came at last, and with it the reliefs for those who had spent the last weary hours in the trenches. The Russians somewhat renewed their cannonade for the next two or three hours, then it suddenly died away, only to be succeeded by some loud explosions within their works.

"That sounds ducced like blowing up their magazines," said an officer of the Engineers, in the advanced trench. "One explosion might have been an accident, but not two. I say, Campbell," he continued, turning to an officer of the Highlanders who stood by, "the Redan has been awfully quiet for some time. Let's go up and see if there's anybody in it."

The two officers accordingly dropped quietly over the parapet and stole through the darkness towards the work from which our people had been driven pell mell in the morning. All was still as death. Slowly they picked their way amongst the dying and the dead across that grape-swept plateau until they reached the *abattis*. The Russian lines were perfectly mute, save now and again for a gun from a distant battery, or a slight spattering exchange of musketry with the French in the rear of Malakoff.

"We'll crawl up as close as they will let us," Campbell whispered.

The Engineer nodded assent, and the two crept on cautiously till they reached the very ditch of the Redan. There they lay down and listened. After a pause of two or three minutes, during which no sound came from the interior of the work, the Engineer whispered:

"It is empty; we'll just stay here five minutes to make sure, and then go back with our news."

The five minutes elapsed, and still the same unbroken quiet; after the awful turmoil of the last four days, the silence seemed perfectly weird-like.

The two adventurers made their way rapidly back to the advance of the right attack, and at once communicated their discovery to the General commanding there. A small council of war was held upon the advisability of at once seizing upon the abandoned work, but the wary veteran who commanded quickly closed the discussion with the remark, "If it's empty now we shall find it empty in the morning, and if it happens to be mined, it will probably have blown up by then." And it was well he so decided, for about daybreak a tremendous explosion emphatically announced that the work was empty while the three or four explosions which speedily followed proclaimed that the Russians had blown up their magazines, and retreating across the harbour had abandoned the south side of Sebastopol.

By day-break the next morning it was known all through the lines of the Allies that the siege was over, and that the celebrated fortress had at length fallen. In the course of the day many officers and soldiers entered the town, having passed the chain of cavalry *videttés*, now spread across the approaches to prevent their entrance; the chiefs of the army, still fearing there might be mines left as yet not exploded, which produced the following sarcastic remarks from Mr. Flinn—"the — such a place ever I heard of. It's harder a dale to get into than Heaven. Here's first the Russians wouldn't let us in, and now, begorra, our own General won't let us pass. It ought to be a mighty pleasant place inside, for those that's in it seem mighty anxious to keep it for themselves. It's a murdering mistake I made when I listed; after all the months we've been taking it, to think we mayn't even look at it." Some few days had elapsed since Sebastopol had fallen and still no tidings could the —th get of Hugh Fleming. The last man who could positively speak of seeing him in the Redan was Phybbs, who was never tired of narrating the story of the part he took in the *mêlée*, of how his foot slipped, how Captain Fleming came to his rescue, and how the last he saw of him he was in the midst of a crowd of Russians. "And he saved my life, he did," he would invariably con-

clude, in his rather boyish treble, which was apt, taken in conjunction with his undeveloped physique, to make his auditors wonder why he was sent out for such rough work. One or two hospitals had been discovered inside the town, the beds tenanted by the dead and hopelessly wounded; hospitals, too, in dire condition, as was likely after having been filled to excess during that last terrible bombardment and then hastily abandoned. One English officer, it was true, was found therein alive, mortally wounded and delirious, whom death soon relieved from his suffering, but there was no trace of Hugh Fleming. One only hope had Tom Byng and his comrades; he was not amongst the killed found in the Redan, or on the plateau outside, and it was little likely the Russians had carried him off unless he had been alive. Still it was an extraordinary thing that no letter came from him if he was a prisoner. Officers under these circumstances generally wrote, not only to relieve the anxiety of their friends, but for such necessities as money, clothes, &c. Then, as far as they could, each side helped the other to complete the list of their casualties. But of Captain Fleming there was no mention.

If there had been anxious moments about the eighteenth of June at Manchester, you may judge what the feelings of the two girls were when the wire flashed home the news, and the various papers announced in their largest type: "The Fall of Sebastopol," knowing as they did too well the terrible postscript that had to follow. Had it been possible Nell would have telegraphed at once to the regiment for reliable information, but the submarine cable was reserved altogether for official despatches, as indeed was absolutely necessary. There were too many people at home who in their solicitude for friends and relatives in the Crimea would have used that cable regardless of expense; wealthy people too at that time would have spent money freely only to have had the very latest news from the Crimea. No war we have engaged in since has excited such feverish interest in England, until we come to the dramatic story of Wolseley's splendid dash across the desert to Khartoum, with its desperate fighting, sad death roll,—all ending in that melancholy wail, "Too late!"

That it was an excessively anxious time for Nell Lynden may be easily believed, and one thing that puzzled her much was, for the first time she did not know where her lover might be. When she had last heard from him he was doing duty as usual with the —th, but Miss Lynden had seen that gazette in which Hugh was promoted into the Grenadier Guards, even a little before it reached the Crimea. Her father, whose knowledge of the British army was as accurate as if he had passed some years of his life in it and was familiar with all

the details thereof, in reply to her questioning had informed her that an officer's promotion from one regiment to another involved his joining the regiment he was promoted to; that Captain Fleming would therefore join the Guards; and that the Guards, in consequence of the terrible punishment they had endured at Inkermann and their sufferings during the winter, had been so reduced that they had been sent down to Balaklava and placed in reserve. Miss Lynden therefore clung to the fond hope that her lover was not actively engaged upon this occasion.

"He has done enough, Frances, I'm sure; and if he is only safe I'm sure it cannot signify his not being with the old regiment this time."

To which Miss Smerdon made no reply. She could only think that the man who despised her, the man whom she never meant to see again, but whom, alas! she still loved, was still at the front. Ah, was he still at the front? And then the tears came into her eyes and she thought what wouldn't she give, even to know that much.

Dr. Lynden showed an indifference about the return lists that made the two girls perfectly furious. As Miss Smerdon said:

"We don't expect our fathers to take quite the same interest in our lovers that we do ourselves, but darling Nell, your father really might have some little feeling for them he knew fairly well, such a few months ago."

The lives of the combatants in the eyes of Dr. Lynden were as the loss of so many pawns in the game, save and except it should happen to be that of some combatant of mark. But as he had already said there were no Napoleons nowadays; and there was only one man engaged in the struggle whose value the Doctor appraised at a very high standard, and that was the intrepid Engineer who had so long defended Sebastopol. The Doctor's mind at present was busy with conjectures as to where the second act would take place.

"As for the north side," he would say, "it's perfectly immaterial. I don't suppose the Russians care whether we have it or they; their fleet is sunk, we shall destroy their arsenal, blow in their docks, and Sebastopol is a thing of the past—*c'est fini*."

But the grim returns are cabled home at last. And the two girls glance eagerly through the list until they come to the —th. The regiment was engaged quite as hotly as it had previously been in the Quarries, but fortune had favoured it on this occasion, and it had suffered far less severely both in officers and men. Two of the former only were wounded, and it was with a sense of intense relief that they saw no mention of the names of either Byng or Fleming. Then they turned to the general account of the capture of the place, of which, though the reports were as yet meagre, there were still quite sufficient to make one long to learn the whole story of the finish of the great drama which had been so long enacted before it. Suddenly Miss Smerdon, who was now in entire possession of the paper, uttered a low cry, and gasped out—

"Oh, Nell, Nell, my darling, I am so sorry for you!"

Frances' eye had once more reverted to the list of killed and wounded, and at the bottom of this she saw what had before escaped her eyes—

"We regret to say that Captain Fleming, of the Grenadier Guards, is among the missing."

Nell Lynden turned very white, and her lips twitched a little; but more habituated to self-control than her emotional friend, she only held out her hand, and said quietly, though her voice shook a little—

"Give me the paper."

Placing her finger on the fatal line, Frances handed it to her in silence.

For a moment Nell gazed at the paragraph half-vacantly, as one who did not understand its meaning, and this in truth she did not. She was trying to think what "missing" meant. Why did they not know where he was? If he were killed, if he were wounded, surely someone must know. Could it mean that he was a prisoner? No, hardly that, she thought; since Inkermann it had so rarely happened that officers had been made prisoners on either side, not for any barbarous reasons of refusing quarter, but simply it had happened so.

"What does it mean?" she asked, at last.

But Miss Smerdon could only reply, with tears, that she did not know, and "missing" must mean "missing."

Then Nell reflected what her father had told her, that Hugh would at once have to join his new regiment; and again she glanced at the brief story of the assault contained in the paper she held in her hand. Yes, her father was right, it mentioned that the Guards and Highlanders, though marched up to the front, had been held in reserve during the 8th of September. It must be a mistake; the next mail would probably bring a letter from Hugh, and make her laugh over her fears. Surely, after preserving him through so much danger, God could not be so cruel as to take her lover from her on the last day of that terrible siege. She never reflected that such sorrow must be the lot of many a woman in England who had read the returns that day.

But the next mail brought no letter from Hugh, and then, heart-sick with terrible anxiety, Nell Lynden wrote for news to Major Byng. She had nerved herself now for the worst. She knew some disaster must have befallen Hugh, or he would never have failed to scrawl a note after such a battle as the last. She shed no tears; she made no outward moan; she even shrank from speculating over Hugh's probable fate with her friend. But her face wore that look of sternly repressed trouble which is far more touching in a woman than lamentations and tears. As for these latter, Frances in her sympathy shed quite enough; one might indeed have supposed that Hugh was her lover instead of only her friend's. But the next mail brought a letter from the Crimea to Miss Lynden, directed in a hand which, though she failed to recognise, brought the blood to Miss Smerdon's temples when she saw it.

"Dear Miss Lynden," it ran,—

"Knowing exactly how things stand between you and Hugh Fleming, I feel sure you will be very distressed at not hearing from him last mail. I have waited to write to you till this in the hope that I might have good news to send and set your mind at ease. But I am very, very sorry to say that we know nothing of Hugh nor of what has befallen him. He took a last turn with the old regiment on the eighth, and was one of the foremost into the Redan. He was there during the whole of that bitter struggle which resulted, as the papers no doubt have already told you, in our being kicked out, solely for want of reinforcements. I saw him and spoke to him myself several times during the fight inside that work, but the last man, as far as we can make out, who actually saw him was a private soldier called Peter Phybbs, who declares that he was then fighting desperately with half-a-dozen Russians. He is a protégé of your own, Miss Lynden, says that he is a brother of your maid, and that Hugh saved his life that day. I have told him to write a full account of it all to his sister, thinking that he will write to her with far less restraint than if I told him to address yourself. I can only say that Hugh's fate at present is involved in mystery. He certainly was not amongst the killed or wounded found in the Redan and round it. He was not in the hospitals at Sebastopol which the Russians were compelled to abandon in their retreat, and I still don't despair of his once more turning up. The obvious conclusion one ought to come to is that he has been taken prisoner, but to be quite candid with you it is singular in that case that we have not heard from him, as the enemy always allow a prisoner to write to his friends and give particulars of his misfortune. Still the exigencies of their sudden retreat may have prevented all this. Deeply regretting I have nothing more satisfactory to tell you, and pledging myself to write as soon as ever I receive tidings of Hugh,—Yours very sincerely, THOMAS BYNG."

Camp before Sebastopol, Sept. 14th."

CHAPTER XVI.—POLLY CHANGES HER MIND.

Sergeant Evans is getting extremely interested in the study of Dr. Lynden's life. He is very doubtful as to coining being the Doctor's vocation, he would not as yet say positively that it was not so, but he certainly did not much believe that he was

engaged in that. As for the lady of the roses, she seemed at present to almost live upon the railway between Manchester and London. She was more capricious as to the colour of the roses in her bonnet than ever, but she was still constant to that mode of decoration. So faithful was she to her walks in the direction of the Doctor's house that they soon attracted the attention of Miss Phybbs. She recognised the lady in an instant, and noticed the perpetual change of colour in the rose in head-gear, nearly as quickly as the detective had done. As for Constable Tarrant, unless he had seen the lady come out of the side door it would never have occurred to him that it was odd her walking so continually in that direction. In short, Police-Constable Tarrant was by this heartily sick of the whole thing, and would long since have given up keeping his eye on the Doctor but for the commands of his superiors. There was very little perseverance about Richard Tarrant, and advantage must accrue speedily to induce him to stick to any pursuit. At present his watch was of a very perfunctory nature and so far had only been rewarded by his seeing some two or three men go in and out of the side door, about whose status it would have been rather difficult to decide. The Doctor indeed had fairly baffled his inquisitors and though weeks, even months had elapsed since Tarrant first decided that an eye must be kept upon him, he and Phybbs had learnt but very little. Sergeant Evans, albeit a skilled detective, had learnt little more, and though still pursuing the inquiry, was doing it now with no expectation of discovering crime, but more because the elucidation of the problem piqued him. To the Sergeant a mystery he could not penetrate had all the fascination that a stiff double acrostic has for some people.

One morning about the end of September, when Miss Smerdon came down to breakfast, she was surprised to notice signs of agitation in her usually calm, self-possessed young hostess, which she at once concluded were caused by news from the Crimea. She timidly ventured to express as much, for Frances lived in dread that all this stern repression must end in a frightful burst of feeling whenever the news did come. Of Hugh Fleming's fate there were no tidings. No letter came from Byng; the papers regretted ever and anon that no intelligence had come to hand regarding the missing officer, and spoke in a hopeless fashion of his ever being heard of again alive.

Miss Smerdon herself had little doubt that if ever Hugh Fleming was discovered it would be amongst the ruins and debris of the captured town, and, alas! probably only to be recognised by his uniform. However, Miss Lynden assured her that it was nothing of the kind; still there was a slight embarrassment perceptible in Nell's manner which caused Frances to wonder what had disturbed her equanimity. Dr. Lynden, not an unusual thing with him, was absent at breakfast. At length Miss Lynden said, "I hope you won't think me very rude and inhospitable, Frances, if I ask you to go home at very short notice. The truth is, my father has just received news that obliges him to leave this at once, and he wishes to take me with him."

Frances was not a little surprised, but at once replied—

"Of course I will, I'll go to-day if I can, I've paid you an unconscionable visit; it has been very good of you indeed to bear with me for the last three months."

"No, no, it isn't that," said Miss Lynden. "I don't want you to go to-day, and above all I must ask you to say nothing about your going till to-morrow morning. You got no letters to-day remember, to-morrow I will take care you receive one. It will be your excuse for so suddenly returning home. I am awfully sorry Frances, and I know Papa seems very unkind but I can't help it. Papa says we must go, and I know no more about it."

"Not another word, Nell, I'm sorry to leave, very sorry, to leave you in your sore trouble, and you were so good to me in mine. You say but little; still, I can see how you suffer; one don't speak of such things. You know my secret, well, I never said anything more to you about it, and am not going to now. All is over between us, but thank

God he is safe. Ah, if we could only hear the same of Hugh Fleming."

Miss Lynden's stoical composure somewhat gave way, and it was in unsteady tones that she replied—"We must both wait and hope, Frances, for I have a firm conviction that your love affair will all come right in the end."

Miss Smerdon shook her head, though a thrill of exultation shot through her breast at the suggestion.

"As for me," continued the girl, "I must still hope, though judging from what I see here," and she pointed to the paper, "I am hoping against hope."

It was rather a melancholy day that last. It was not likely that conversation between the two friends could be anything but of the most sombre description. Each felt that in leaving Manchester they were cutting themselves off from all direct intelligence from the Crimea, and would have to depend for their news on the daily papers. Miss Lynden, it is true, might write to Major Byng, but she had no address to give him. When she inquired of her father as to where letters were to be forwarded to them he replied sharply:

"We shall have no address for the present. You have not very many correspondents, and you had better let them know that such is the case. Anything that arrives here will have to remain till our return, which is a very indefinite period. I shall be busy all day in the laboratory; remember we start to-morrow morning early."

Although the two girls strictly conformed to the Doctor's injunctions and made no allusion to their approaching departure before Phybbs, yet they naturally commenced preparations for their different journeys. It was not to be supposed that these escaped the observation of the lynx-eyed Polly, who was sorely exercised in her mind as to what it behoved her to do upon this occasion. That they were all going away without saying a word to anyone, she felt quite certain Dick would look on as suspicious. She could not but admit it was, herself; she did not believe that the Doctor was engaged in coining or in any nefarious transactions, but then the police did, or else why had they told Dick to keep an eye upon him. And Constable Tarrant had taken care, with a good deal of swagger and conceit, to inform her that that was the case. He forgot to mention that with a view of showing his own intelligence he had told his superiors that he had made up to one of the servant girls in the house, and that nothing took place in the Doctor's residence of which he was not informed. Sergeant Evans placed very little confidence in his subordinate, but he certainly under those circumstances did not think the Doctor could make any preparations for departure without its coming to his knowledge. He had no reason to suppose that the Doctor had any intention of levelling, and as we know was now continuing his investigation more from curiosity than from any belief that he was engaged in felonious pursuits.

Phybbs' breast was torn with conflicting emotions. Suppose the police should prove right after all, and after his escape the Doctor should turn out to be a felon who through her connivance had slipped through their fingers. What would Dick say to her? He would declare that his chance had come, that the opportunity of giving valuable information to his superiors had been his, and that thanks to her keeping what she knew to herself, he had missed it. Then what did this hurried departure mean? If the Doctor was carrying on an intrigue, and had finally made up his mind to run away with the lady of the roses, he certainly would not take his daughter with him—no, she supposed the police must be right; women constantly stood in the dock along with men, the lady of the roses was probably only a confederate in crime; she was sorry for her master, but she had a public duty to perform. And then came the practical part of the argument, that if she failed to do it, Dick would give her a pretty hard time. Yes, she would ask for leave to go out for an hour that evening, slip down and see Dick and tell him what she knew.

Something occurred that afternoon which entirely changed Polly's resolve, and that was the arrival of

the Crimean mail, bringing a letter for Miss Phybbs, care of Dr. Lynden, &c., &c., and as she looked at it, Polly recognised her brother's caligraphy. It was not very often she heard from him, for, although Peter was fairly an expert penman, soldiers in the field have not much facility for letter-writing. If Polly had not been quite as anxious as the young ladies, she had certainly felt very uneasy and uncomfortable when news came of desperate fighting in the Chersonese. She was fond of her brother, and a housemaid and her mistress feel pretty much alike on these occasions. She had not heard from him since the 8th of September, but regarded him as safe, as his name did not figure among the returns of the —th on that day.

Miss Lynden was naturally of a reticent disposition, and in the agony of her own grief had never told Polly what she had learnt from Byng's letter. Miss Phybbs felt satisfied that her brother was safe, but she had no idea that he owed his life to anything but the fortune of war. Peter's letter told her the whole story.

It is not worth producing, but the following extract will give Private Phybbs' idea of his share in the day.

"Well, Polly, you see, I've been shot at a good deal in the trenches since I've been out, but this was my first go in at the Rooshuns, real hand-to-hand, and if I don't know what fighting means now, I never shall. Some of the old soldiers said it was as hot as ever they seen it. It was just about mid-day when we got the order to go and take the Redan. I made up my mind to stick close to the Captain. He had been very good to me ever since I came out, and as I reckoned we were all bound to be killed, I thought we might as well be killed together. How we got across the open I don't know. Men went down like skittles, but somehow nothing touched the Captain and me, and the next I know was we were all in the ditch of the Redan, and the Captain going up the ladder like a squirrel. Well, we blundered up the ladder after him as we best could; he must have cleared the way a bit for us, before I was hand-to-hand with the Rooshuns. We was at it hammer and tongs then for I don't know how long; every now and then we'd stop for a bit, and then go at it again worse than ever; but, you see, they kept on getting more men, and we didn't, and so we was bound to be licked in the end. After we had been fighting for ever so long, they made a great rush. My foot slipped, down I went, and it would have been all over with me then

and there if the Captain hadn't cut in and fought the lot of 'em while I got up again.

"Well, I can't tell you much more about it. They were too many for us. The last I saw of the Captain he was in the middle of a lot of Rooshuns fighting like a madman. It ain't no use, Polly, saying I ought to have gone back and helped him, I couldn't, none of us could, they drove us back and bundled us over the parapet neck and crop, and very lucky for those that were bundled over the parapet, those that were not were killed and wounded. I heard the Adjutant say it was bad enough, but we'd got out of it cheap considering, but the worst of it is, we can hear nothing of Captain Fleming. They can't find him dead or alive, and I think he must be a prisoner, though it's very odd none of the officers have heard from him.

"Please give my duty to Miss Lynden, and say if it hadn't been for the note she gave me, I should never have written you this."

The perusal of this letter caused a complete reversal of Polly's plans. How could she hand the father over to the police, when the daughter's lover had saved her brother's life, as it seemed to Polly, at her young mistress' intervention? No, it was a sore struggle, but if Dick should upbraid her on the one hand, what on the other, should she say to her brother if it should turn out that her treachery had delivered Dr. Lynden to the clutches of the law.

The first thing Miss Phybbs did was to rush breathlessly to the drawing-room, and with flushed face pour forth her gratitude to her young mistress for the note she had given her, then to place her brother's letter into Miss Lynden's hand, and then subside into helpless confusion as she thought flased across her that the latter carried no comfort to her mistress but only recalled her sorrow to her mind. Nellie flushed a little as she remembered how she had forgotten to tell Polly all this before. But the two ladies really were much interested in the account Private Phybbs gave of the assault on the Redan, although it was not exactly news to them.

Dismissed with a few kindly words Polly had no longer any doubt of the course she should pursue. She would not lift a finger in the interests of the police. If Dr. Lynden had urgent reasons for getting out of the way she most certainly would not mar his plans. She could only hope, for his own sake, that the police were mistaken, but she should require neither bonnet nor shawl that evening.

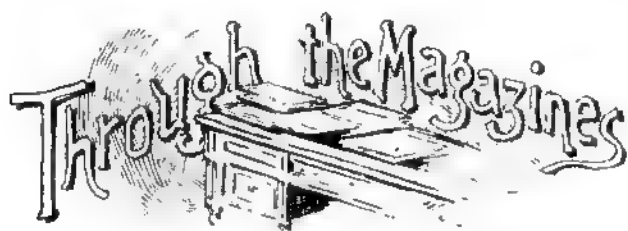
(To be Continued.)



THE OLD CEMETERY AT SOREL, P.Q.



STEAM TRAM-CAR, SYDNEY, N.S.W.



THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

The September number of this magazine leads off with a very interesting article on "The Brass Cannon of Campobello," by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells. The description of the quaint old-fashioned life led on the island by its former owners is very interesting; and the account of the recent visit of the descendant of the reigning family to the island is charmingly told and with much pathos. Several illustrations accompany the article, one of which is a portrait of the old Admiral who ruled the island for so many years. Another article of special interest to Canadians is that by Dr. Prosper Bender on "The French Canadian Peasantry"; it is a clever, well-written paper, and many of his sketches are true to the life. Unfortunately, the writer's reputation as an Annexationist detracts materially from the merits of his writings; and in the article under notice his sentiments on this exhausted topic have again found expression. The comparisons employed are misleading, and not a few statements are inaccurate. "Edward Burgess and his Work" is a timely paper on a man who has done much to further the interests of yachting in America. Space does not permit us to mention all the attractions of this number; they are many. An excellent illustrated sketch of the University of California calls for special attention. Boston; New England Magazine Corporation.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

Carroll D. Wright, U. S. Commissioner of Labour, opens the October *Popular Science Monthly* with the first of a series of "Lessons from the Census," in which he traces the growth of the census, and shows that it has come to be a somewhat unwieldy instrument. Mr. W. F. Durfee, in the series on American Industries, gives the history of

"The Manufacture of Steel," from colonial times to the introduction of the Bessemer process. Under the title "Metamorphoses in Education," Prof. A. E. Dolbear traces the necessary connection between the new character which human life has taken on and the rise of scientific education. In "Exercise for Elderly People," Dr. Fernand Lagrange tells what sort of exertion should be chosen and what avoided by persons who have passed their prime. "Life on an Ostrich Farm" is described in a very bright and instructive way, with several helpful pictures. The second paper of Prof. Frederick Starr's notable series on "Dress and Adornment" is in this number. Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. Ellis, writing on "Polyandry," shows how the former existence of this practice is indicated by the prevalence of marital customs that grow out of it. G. Maspero tells what has been learned, from mummies, paintings and inscriptions, about "The Dogs of Ancient Egypt." There is a pleasant and very seasonable article on spiders—"The Spinning Sisterhood," as they are called by the writer, Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller. M. Pierre Bonnier treats of "Hearing in the Lower Animals, and there are a Sketch and portrait of John Winthrop, one of the ablest among the Harvard professors in the times just before the Revolution. In the Editor's Table are an examination of Herbert Spencer's latest book, on Justice, and a sketch of the work done in the School of Applied Ethics, at Plymouth, during the past summer. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

BIBLE LANDS.

We have received from the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto, a copy of the Illustrated Programme of his Excursion to Egypt and Palestine. We understand that it will be sent free to any address on request.

OUTING.

The nineteenth volume of *Outing* opens with the October issue, and never has a finer number left the presses. If the standard of the coming volume is to be gauged by the initial number, readers of this excellent magazine have a rare treat in store for them, for such number and beauty of illustrations and wealth of interesting reading are seldom

found between two covers. The contents are: "Caddis and Sentiment," by Wenona Gilman; "Harry's Career at Yale" (continued), by John Seymour Wood; "Field Trial Winners in 1890," by Edwin H. Morris; "Deer Stalking in the Indian Territory," by Francis J. Hagan; "A Study in Black," by Clarence B. Moore; "Yacht Clubs of the East," by Capt. A. J. Kenealy; "Mississippi National Guard," by Lieut. R. K. Evans, U.S.A.; "Goose Shooting in the Sacramento Valley," by "Parson"; "The Rose Tree Hunt Club," by Alfred Stoddard; "Ripples and Paddle Flashes," by E. Pauline Johnson; "How We Ride Our Wheels," by Grace E. Denison; "The Running Broad Jump," by Malcolm W. Ford; "Horseback Sketches," by Jessie F. O'Donnell; "Mackerel and Mackerel Seines," by Jno. Z. Rogers; "The Last Wild Horse of the Kanab Desert," by "Honda"; "Obeying the Poet," by Marion Hill; "Early Morning on the Prairie," by E. Bernard Foote; "Recent Football at Harvard," by "A. Longdrop"; "Upper Peninsula Runways," by Ed. W. Sandys, and the usual editorials, poems and records by the standard writers on sport, etc. New York: The *Outing* Co.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The element of timeliness is predominant in the first three articles in the October *North American Review*. The first of them (in two parts) deals with that most interesting question, "Can We Make It Rain?" An affirmative answer is furnished by General Robert G. Dyrenforth, who had charge of the recent rain-making experiments in Texas. He describes in detail what was done there, pronounces the experiments a success, and concludes that the making of rain by explosions of powder and dynamite is practicable and not excessively expensive. The negative side is strongly put by Professor Simon Newcomb, who contends that sound can produce no changes in the atmosphere or clouds and can have no influence in causing rain. The cause and progress of the civil war in Chili are described by Captain José Ma. Santa Cruz, late commander of the Chilean man-of-war Huascar, who has been in this country as a representative of the now successful con-



BEACON HILL PARK, VICTORIA, B.C.

essional party. The Hon. John Russell Young, formerly United States Minister to China, writes of the progressive movement in that country, which he denominates the "New Life in China," and points out what ought to be the relations between the United States and that ancient nation. "The Evolution of the Yacht" is a congenial theme for Lewis Herreshoff, the well-known yacht builder of Bristol, R.I. A very effective answer to the question, "Is Drunkenness Curable?" which was discussed by four medical experts in *The Review* for September, is furnished by John F. Mines, LL.D., who depicts graphically his own cure of the disease of drunkenness by the bichloride-of-gold method of Dr. Keeley. The Hon. Frederick Douglass contributes Part II. of his "Inside History of the Negotiations for the Mole St. Nicolas." A worthy tribute to the late James Russell Lowell, who was the editor of *The Review* from 1863 to 1872, is offered by his friend and fellow poet, Richard Henry Stoddard. William Henry Hurlbert writes with eloquence, learning, and acumen regarding "Reciprocity and Canada"—a seasonable subject in view of the impending resumption of the negotiations between the United States and the Dominion, which were broken off unexpectedly last spring. The concluding article in this strong number of *The Review* is by E. L. Godkin, editor of the *New York Evening Post*, who deals with the "Economic Man" of Ricardo and repels some of the imputations made upon the followers of Ricardo and Mill.

THE CENTURY.

The opening article of *The Century* for October is the closing one of Mr. Kennan's series, and is entitled "My Last Days in Siberia." He describes his experiences among the Kachinski Tartars and the political exiles of Minsk, and with the "plague-guard" or quarantine. The promised article by Hiram S. Maxim, the inventor, on "Aerial Navigation" appears in this number, and considers particularly the question of the power required for

aviation. Mr. Maxim discusses the philosophy of the subject and relates the progress of his experiments at Kent, England, which are illustrated with drawings of the machine employed. The paper in the Gold-Hunting Series is entitled "Tarrying in Nicaragua," and is a record of the California trip in 1849, as told in the letters of the late Roger S. Baldwin, Jr., one of a party of Yale graduates who went to the Pacific by this route. An allied paper by Lieutenant Henry R. Lemly, of the army, answers the question of its title, "Who was El Dorado?" and corrects a popular misapprehension as to the meaning of the word. It is fully illustrated with drawings and with engravings of much delicacy after objects, chiefly of gold, from the Ruiz Randall collection of Chibchan antiquities. Colonel E. V. Sumner, of the army, gives a graphic account of the Indian massacre of 1879, under the title "Besieged by the Utes," to which Mr. Remington lends the aid of his pencil. A paper of unique interest is Mrs. Joseph Pennell's description of "A Water Tournament" at Martigues, in the south of France, a sport which is in the nature of a joust, with lance and shield, from elevated perches at the prows of boats, with a background of Provençal pageantry. There is also an excellent critical essay by Edmund Gosse on Rudyard Kipling, which is in the nature of a review of his literary work in prose and verse. A portrait of Mr. Kipling is the frontispiece of the number. General H. V. Boynton discusses "The Relation of the Press and Public Men" from the point of view of a veteran Washington journalist, noting particularly the relations of the later presidents with the press. In fiction, there are three short stories in addition to the conclusion of Dr. Edward Eggleston's novel, "The Faith Doctor,"—namely, "An Escapade in Cordova," by F. Hopkinson Smith, "The Story of a Story," by Brander Matthews, with drawings by Edwards, and a story entitled

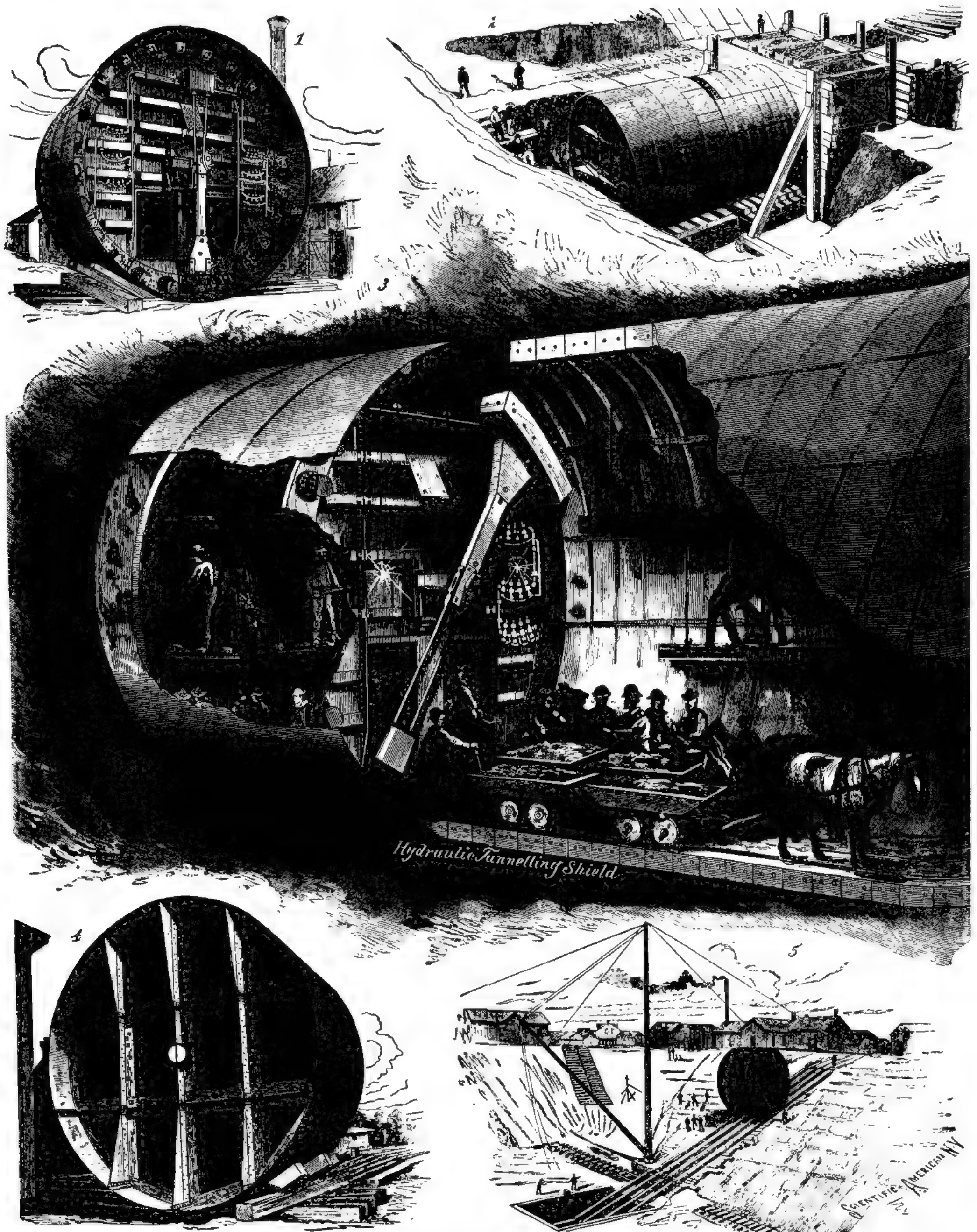
"Was it an Exceptional Case?" by Miss Mat Crim, which, by the purest accident, bears in certain features of theme and plot a striking resemblance to Mr. Howell's story, "An Imperative Duty." New York; The Century Co.

CANADIAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY.

The leading paper in the August-September issue is that by Mr. or Miss A. H. Morrison, on "The Morals of Ruskin's Art." There are also, however, as usual, several other articles worth the close attention of teachers and those interested in educational matters. Among them are:—Dr. Burwash's address for Victoria University, "The Shadows We Cast" (taken from the "Westminster Teacher,") "Effects of Socialistic Legislation," by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain (in the "North American Review,") and "The Teaching of Scientific Method." Other items of a similar nature and the usual papers on school work complete the number.—Toronto; the Canada Educational Monthly Publishing Co., Limited.

Old Protestant Cemetery, Sorel.

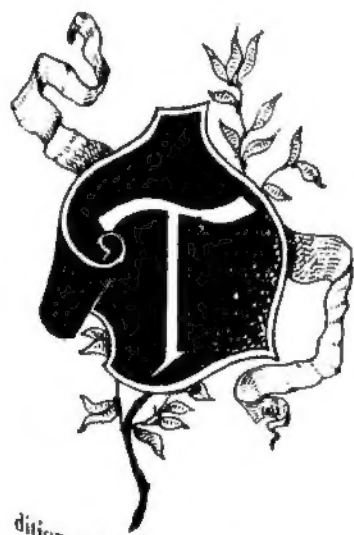
An engraving on page 353 shows this quaint old graveyard; it is part of the church property, and not far from that building. For many years it was used as the final resting-place of the Protestant dead of Sorel and vicinity; but for some time back it has not been in use, and it is the intention to have it made before long into a public square. The view of the old tombstone on page 343 is also taken from this graveyard, and is reproduced as being the oldest in the cemetery. It was erected to the memory of John Shuter who died in 1783, Elizabeth Bissett who died in 1796, and Alexander Bissett, 1803. The stone was probably erected about the last mentioned year.



1. Rear view of the shield, showing hood and rams. 2. The shield in place on grade. 3. Interior view of shield and tunnel. 4. Front view of shield. 5. Lowering of the shield to the heading.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL.

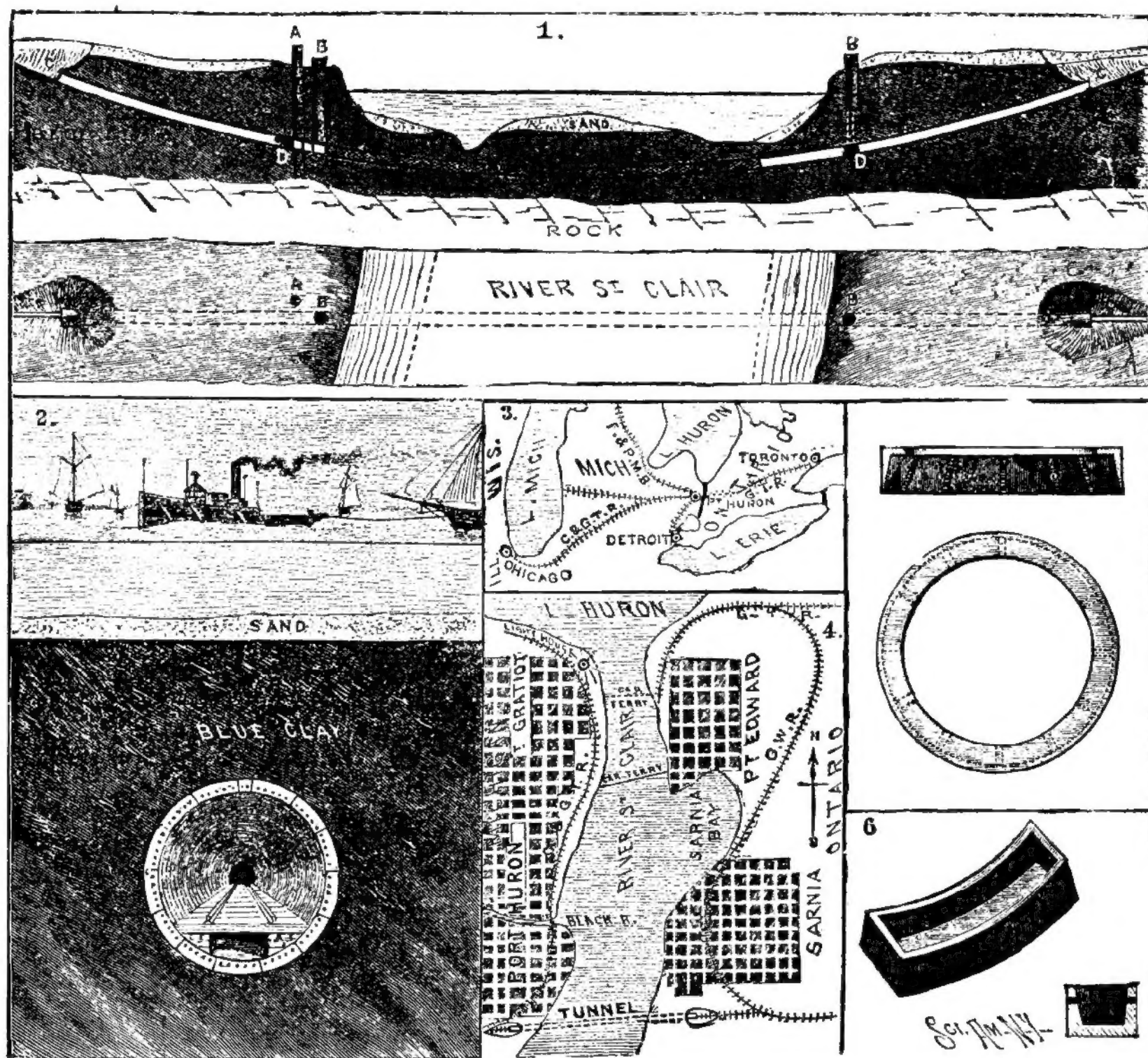
THE ST. CLAIR RIVER TUNNEL.



THE formal opening of the St. Clair River Railway Tunnel on September 19th marked the successful termination of one of the most important engineering projects that has lately attracted attention on this continent. It not only affords a new and better highway of traffic between Canada and the United States at that point, but it establishes the possibility of such a work being constructed anywhere under similar conditions with safety and economy. To a Canadian engineer,

begun in January, 1889. Work upon the tunnel proper was begun in August of the latter year, and in August, 1890, Mr. Hobson had the pleasure of breaking down the last thin wall that separated the workmen on either side, and the tunnel was open. On the 24th of December the last stones of the portals of heavy masonry were laid and the tunnel was complete. The work on the approaches has since been finished, and on September 19th of the present year the formal opening took place. On that day a splendid special train, with Sir Henry Tyler, accompanied by directors of the Grand Trunk Railway and distinguished guests from both sides of the border passed through the tunnel. The town councils of Sarnia and Port Huron presented Sir Henry with addresses, and at a later hour a grand banquet was given in Sarnia, where congratulatory speeches and general good fellowship cemented the new bond of commercial union between the two nations.

In the construction of the St. Clair River tunnel, two deep cuttings were made, one on each side of the river; that on the American side had a depth of 53 feet, and that on the Canadian side 58 feet deep. Upon the floor of each cutting, against the head thereof, one of the great shields was placed, and the work of tunnelling began. In conjunction with the shield Mr. Hobson brought to his aid the admirable system of using compressed air in tunnel work, the invention of Mr. Dewitt C. Haskin, of New York, who first used it in the Hudson River tunnel. This air pressure system is a necessity in helping to uphold the soft earth of the tunnel heading. Each shield was circular, 21 feet 7 inches in diameter, 16 feet long, and is built of plate steel, one inch thick, divided into twelve compartments by means of two horizontal and three vertical stays. The front or heading end of each shield was made with sharp cutting edges. Arranged around against the walls of the rear end of the shield were twenty-four hydraulic rams, each eight inches in diameter and a stroke of 24 inches. By their means the shield was forced forward enough to admit of the building up of a section or tunnel rings within the shield. The power supplied by a



1. Sectional elevation and plan of tunnel; A, pump shaft; B, brick air shafts; C, cuttings; DD, bulkheads. 2. Cross section of tunnel and river. 3. Map showing location. 4. Plan of Port Huron and Sarnia, showing position of tunnel. 5. Section and plan of iron shoe of shaft. 6. Segment of cast iron of which the tunnel is composed.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE ST. CLAIR TUNNEL.

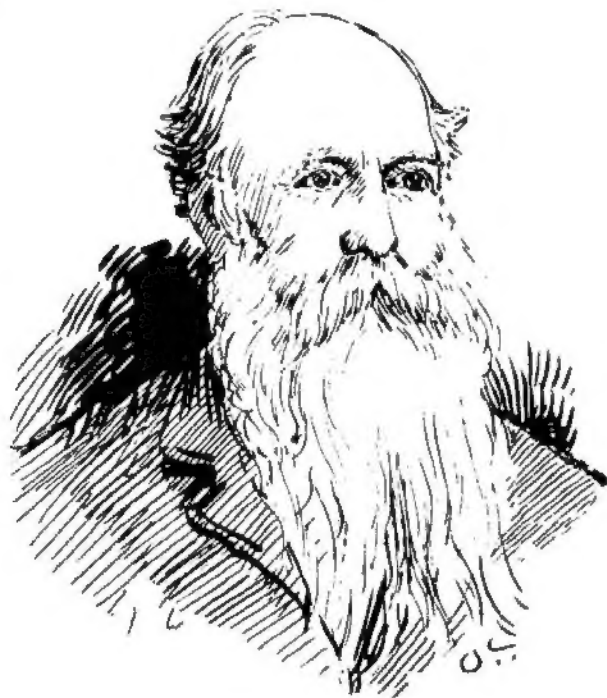
The tunnel, exclusive of the cuttings at either end, is 6050 feet long, as follows:—From the cutting to the river edge on the American side, 1800 feet; on the Canadian side, 1950 feet, and the distance across, under the river, 2300 feet. The estimated cost was \$3,000,000, but the real cost is said to have been less than that amount. The lower half of the tunnel is lined with massive brick work. It is ventilated by means of two 20-inch tubes along the roof, extending from the centre to the entrances, and thence underground to a side building where they connect with large Root blowers. The *Scientific American* thus describes the work and method of construction of the tunnel:

Worthington pump was capable of producing a pressure of 5,000 pounds per square inch, or 3,000 tons on the 24 rams. The greatest pressure used was 1,700 pounds per square inch, which is 40 tons per ram and 1,060 tons on the shield. Each ram had a separate stop cock, so that its pressure could not be let on or shut off at will. Thus all of the rams could be operated simultaneously or a portion of them, or singly as required. Thus by letting on or shutting off pressure the shield could be guided and directed in any direction desired, up, down, or laterally, and made to traverse the exact grade required. The shields weighed eighty tons each, and were built from the designs of Mr. Hobson, by the Tool Manufac-

Mr. Joseph Hobson, is due the honour of having planned and carried out the work. He was the architect, designer and builder, and though his confidence in the feasibility of the scheme was not at the outset shared by engineers generally the event has fully justified his forecast. That Sir Henry Tyler, himself an engineer as well as president of the Grand Trunk Railway, agreed with Mr. Hobson's views, of course contributed greatly to strengthen the confidence of the great corporation in the accuracy of the latter's estimate of the work. The St. Clair Tunnel Company was formed in the year 1886, and work upon the great cuttings on either side was

turing Company, of Hamilton, Canada, the hydraulic work being supplied by Watson & Stillman, of New York.

Mr. Hobson, to whom so much credit is due in connection with this great work, is a native of Guelph, Ont., where he was born in the year 1834. He served an engineer apprenticeship at Toronto, was engaged in private practice as civil engineer, was for several years employed on location and



SIR HENRY TYLER.

construction of railways in the United States, Ontario and Nova Scotia. He was resident engineer of the International Bridge, Buffalo. In 1873 he took a position as chief assistant engineer of the Great Western Railway. He was appointed chief two years later, and still holds that office. He is a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, England, of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and of the Canadian Institute of Civil Engineers. We cannot better conclude our reference to Mr. Hobson than in the following words from the *Toronto Telegram*:

Hobson, the engineer, is one of earth's useful heroes. He has not achieved the popularity of an athlete who can pull a boat or run a hundred yards the shade of the second faster than the record. He has not shone on the really low plane of empty achievements, but his genius has ennobled the name of Canada by identifying the country with a great



MR. JOSEPH HOBSON.

railway work. Hobson's task was not that of a theoretical engineer who leaves to practical skill the work of changing his dreams to realities. He not only sketched the outlines of the gigantic enterprise, but invented new means of working out his ideas. His daring achievement is one that any country might be proud of. The tunnel is a triumph of Canadian genius, and the success of Joseph Hobson is proof that Canada does not need to import talent even to design or execute the greatest engineering works.

Our views of the construction of the tunnel are reproduced from the *Scientific American*.

A noted Scotch professor on strolling in the Glasgow necropolis, stopped at a newly dug grave, and turning over a human skull, asked a daft fellow, "How long can a man live without brains?" The idiot's answer came dryly but readily: "I dinna ken, maun, but how old are you yourself?"



A Country Ball Costume—A Preserving Apron—The Late Hot Weather—To be Healthy—Is Alcohol Necessary for Women?

A country ball costume is quite a necessary part of a visiting outfit, and as nearly all the young ladies of my acquaintance are going on their annual tour of country house receptions, it behoves them to have a thoroughly useful dress for this particular purpose amongst others. To have a ball gown that travels well, it is very important that it should be of a material that does not crease, or crush, and for this, if a thin texture is required, there is nothing better than crêpe de Chine. If a more substantial one is advisable, then I should recommend anyone of those thick rich silks that are also quite soft and fall into lovely folds, without cracking where they are pleated to the dress. A combination of both these charming stuffs is possible in the

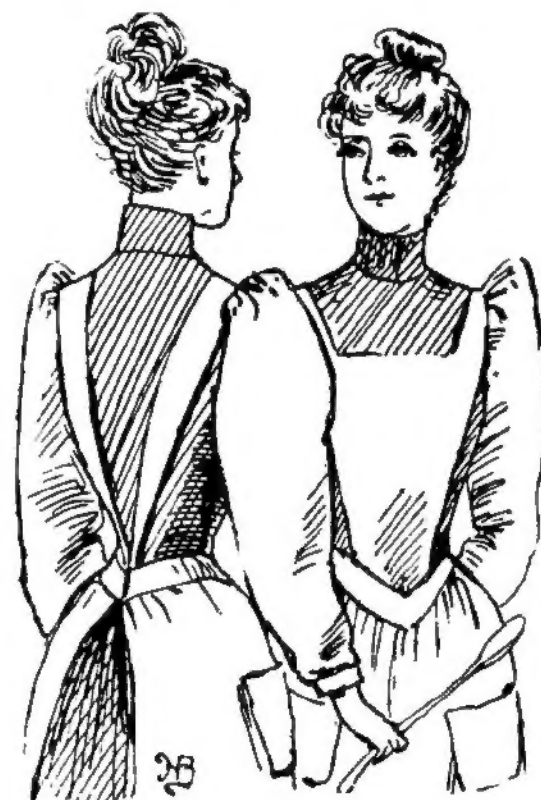


dress model I give you this week, though I do not think the mixture altogether advisable. The colour of the silk is entirely a matter of choice which should be directed by the colour of the hair, and the complexion of the wearer. It might, with good effect, be made in pale fawn, or a primrose yellow, with pink roses for the former, and very velvety deep red ones for the latter. A pale blue with *Gloire de Dijon*, or yellow tea roses, or a light pink or willow green with deep crimson roses for the pink, and purplish pink for the green. Any of these mixtures would look pretty. I should advise, if the dress is mainly composed of crêpe de Chine, to have the fold of the corselets

of satin as well as the straps over the puffed sleeves. The folds across the chest to be of crêpe de Chine. If the dress is made of a richer, thicker description of silk than the crêpe de Chine, I should have the puffs of the sleeves and folds across the chest made of the most glossy brilliant silk gauze possible—always, of course, of the same shade exactly as the material of the dress. With careful folding, such a dress, from its very simplicity, ought to pack and carry beautifully. The roses, of course, would be packed separately in a box where they would stand no chance of spoiling.

* * *

A preserving apron I give this week, because it is not only of great service and protection for the dress when making the many jams and jellies that there are yet to be done before one's store cupboard is properly stocked, but because it will also be found a thoroughly useful overall in all sorts of housewifely duties. You may make it of what material you like, all provided it is strong, and washable. Strong white linen, or brown holland is the most suitable.



The plan of the apron is very simple, and with the most ordinary measurements might be made by quite an amateur seamstress. The plastron, in front, should be cut in one with the braces. The upper part of the sleeves is filled into this band far enough to be quite firm in putting on, and to entirely cover the dress sleeve from the chance of splashing when jam or jelly is poured out into the pots. The band at the wrist should be large enough to slip the hand through. To make it sit well, the waist-band should be shaped and the lower part of the apron gathered into it, so that it nearly meets behind and entirely covers the skirt. I think you will find this as practical an apron for the purpose as you can have, and, of course, it is capable of any amount of elaboration and beautifying in its decorations, but for ordinary hard wear I believe that plain things are the best.

* * *

The late hot weather makes the careful housekeeper think very anxiously how important it is that the home should not only be a healthy one but kept healthy. We often hear of a "healthy mind in a healthy body," but how can they be healthy if they do not live in a healthy house? This is not always easy to find, for it is unfortunately a fact that building contractors are too often unscrupulous and dishonest—particularly those who build the smaller and cheaper class of houses. That they are dishonest we have ample proofs from time to time in the "shoddy" kind of tenements that spring up around all large towns. A friend of mine was riding in the suburbs of London one day, and he watched a bricklayer building a doorway to an unfinished house. The outside brickwork looked fair, and solid enough, but the man filled the inside with all sorts of rubble and rubbish. My friend exclaimed to the bricklayer, "Why, my man, that will never last!" The workman smiled, and probably more honest than his master, the contractor, said, "Lor' bless you, sir! It warn't never meant to last!" Such houses are generally dreadfully defective in their drain service, therefore in any house that you hire or build for yourself, take the greatest care to disconnect all waste and overflow pipes from the drains, and allow no



ON THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY, UPPER LACHINE.

drain to run under your house; place all soil pipes outside where they can be ventilated, and in no way near or connected with your cistern or water pipes. In taking a house you cannot exercise too much care or anxiety in not only testing soundness of its floors, &c., but in investigating the condition and efficient working of its drain system. The illness of the tenants is often the first warning people receive of the slovenly made drainwork of a new house, which is as often hard to discover. No landlord has the right to endanger the lives of his tenants by refusing to remedy bad drains, neither threaten them with notice to quit if they complain of them rather than put his house into proper condition.

* * *

To be healthy, all houses ought to have their sanitary arrangements periodically inspected. It has been suggested that a skilled and intelligent plumber should be employed by the authorities to go the round occasionally of every house, taking special and personal charge of the sanitary matter connected therewith. This would greatly relieve householders who, with the best desire, rarely understand drainage and sanitary systems enough to quickly detect a flaw—though they know well what it is to suffer by them. Back yards and out-houses cannot be too frequently whitewashed. If you happen to notice damp places in them, or in your floors near a waste pipe or cistern, take up the flags, or have the wall opened so as to at once find the mischief, or increase to the great danger of yourself and family. There is another trouble belonging to pipes, but which happens more often in the country than in town; namely, the gradual blocking of the interior by the mineral deposits of the water. We all know the hard sediment that gradually cakes on the sides and bottoms of kettles where lime-

charged water is in constant use. In boiling, this is more rapidly thrown down by the water, but in the ordinary flow, unboiled, through the pipes that conduct it into the house, it none the less deposits its limey burden till I have seen its waterway, in a pipe of two inches in diameter, narrowed to a little hole through which one could not pass a common cedar pencil.

* * *

I find that I must leave, to another time, the regulation of one's house, from a sanitary point of view, as I cannot longer ignore the very wonderful correspondence upon the "Slavery of Drink" that has been going on, in the columns of one of our great London daily newspapers. I have often speculated on the question is alcohol necessary for women, because, as far as my own experience and observation go, I should say that it is not necessary to nearly the extent it is now employed. So many ladies, as well as middle class women, take wine or beer at their meals for no other reason but because they like it. Others have a good deal of superstition about it, and think it is good for their health, because, for the moment, it stimulates them and makes them feel livelier. But a good tonic, taken daily for a week or two, would do them infinitely more good, and be far more wholesome. Now, I am no temperance person, abstainer, nor blue ribbonite; but I do not advocate stimulants of alcohol, or fermented liquor—like beer and porter—for any woman who desires to keep her health in good order, by which I mean her digestion, her circulation, and her complexion—which last seems to trouble and interest so many of my correspondents. If the wine that finds its way into our houses was always pure and unadulterated, and as harmless as the ordinary wines that people drink abroad, it would not matter, but our clarets are comparatively strong, our ports

heavy, and our cherries are so-called "fined," with any amount of abominations, in which there is included a great deal of adulterated brandy. These are the chief wines of upper class Englishwomen. I do not deal with spirits because no healthy woman, who respected her health, would make a practice of drinking spirits daily, unless she was specially ordered by a doctor to do so, and in this, doctors often make many mistakes. Beer, or porter is simple ruination for anyone—man, woman, or child, who has inherited a gouty, bilious rheumatic, or acid constitution—and if they have not got such a one naturally, it will soon make it for them. People, and I regret to say many members of my sex, are so silly. They feel low, or depressed, or tired, and instantly they fly to a stimulant, under the great delusion that stimulus means strength. They will find that in an hour's time, or less, they are just as bad again. Whereas (as the lawyers say) had they taken a dose of iron and quinine, they would have laid in a little stock of strength that would have given "tone" to the whole system, the wearied and weak stomach which is too tired to do its digestive work properly, and in fact to all the organs that depend on it. This is undoubtedly stimulus, but it is also strength which neither of the other stimulants are. Water—pure, wholesome filtered water is our natural beverage, and is best and least heating for the blood, and is decidedly the most healthy so long as it is good. Filters are so cheap and reasonable now that no one need be without them, nor have an excuse for bad water. Water is the most wholesome fluid to mix with one's food in eating, and it stands to reason that no kind of spirituous liquor can make healthy or good blood. So that those who persist in pouring fermented and spirituous fluids into their unfortunate interiors must take the consequences in heated blood, rheumatism, acidity, indigestion, and a variety of other discomforts.

Our Biographical Column.

[Many Canadian papers furnish their readers every week with portraits and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]

Hon. Backsaddle Coots.

The following letter has been received at this office:

DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, Montreal:

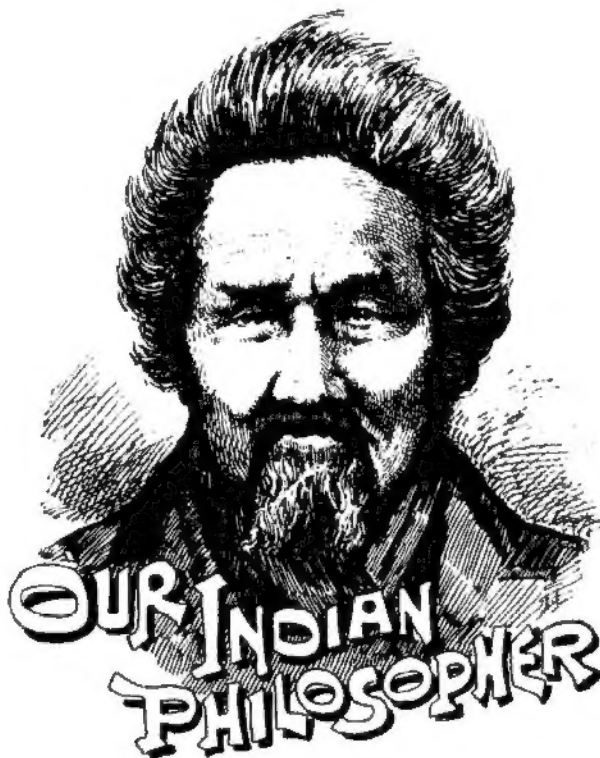
DERE SURZ—i seen yu bin puttin in yure paper about wot sum men dun fur this yere united States. i send yu My fizog witch yu kin uze if yu wanto. my Name iz honnerable Backsaddle coots and i was born yere in cootsville. ime 46 years Old cum next 4th july. My father he kep a ranch out yere and he wus the deadeest Shot with a gun yu ever Seen. So'm I. sum fellers iz gonto lect Me fur the s'ate legislatur Next year. i want yu to put my fizog in yure paper and send me a lot Soze I kin scatter them round yere. i aint gonto git Licked if grit'll do any good. i got plenty uv grit. i licked a painter wunst clean holler out in the Woods jist melore. put that in yure paper. yu might say honnerable Mister coots olwus paid his dets like a Man. i owe sum little Bills now but that don't make no odds. dont furgit and send me a Lot uv papers.

yure friend
honnerable Backsaddle coots
cootsville
kansas.

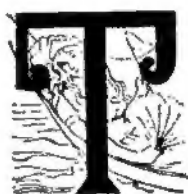


We have pleasure in giving publicity to the communication of Mr. Coots, and feel that in so doing, and in presenting also his portrait, we are doing Canada good service. Indeed, Mr. Coots is already better known in this country than his modesty permits him to suppose. While his portrait may now appear accurately for the first time, his biography has been going the rounds a good deal; not, it is true, so ably written, but measurably so, and in connection with a portrait which was represented to be his, but which our readers will now see was a gross libel on that gentleman's personal appearance. We have observed the biography referred to in papers from Winnipeg, London, Kingston, Ottawa, St. John, Halifax and many other Canadian cities. It appeared in all of them at about the same date, which shows that Hon. Mr. Coots's splendid personality had impressed itself upon the editors of them all at about the same time. We trust that, since the article as published by them was in some respects inaccurate, and the portrait scandalous, they will all do Hon. Mr. Coots the justice to reproduce this article and portrait, of which we have Hon. Mr. Coots's personal endorsement. Hon. Mr. Coots has our hearty good wishes in his political aspirations, and it is to be fondly hoped that a complete record of his life will some day be compiled. We learn from outside, but thoroughly reliable sources, that Hon. Mr. Coots has devoted a good deal of attention to the

question of corn husking by electricity, and that his native state is likely to be incalculably benefited thereby. Hon. Mr. Coots is an ardent Democrat and believes that while under ordinary circumstances and aside from extraneous influences and unforeseen contingencies it may be quite true, as many aver, that two and two make four, yet it is possible to conceive of a state of affairs, more especially in connection with political complications such as sometimes arise in even the best governed countries, wherein he would be far from wise who would predicate the impossibility, or even the improbability, of an altogether contrary result. He is prepared to make affidavit to that effect.



The Sagamore



HE venerable sagamore welcomed the reporter to a seat of boughs within the wigwam and gave the fire a poke in his visitor's honour. For the breath of autumn was in the air.

"Mr. Sol. White," said the reporter "has got it again."

"Sol. White? He livin' yit?"

"Yes—he still encumbers the earth," said the reporter sadly. "And, now that Balmaceda and Boulanger have retired definitely from the stage, Sol has bobbed up at Windsor with the Continental Unity Club. They only played one night in Windsor—good house, but no appreciation. Had to ring the curtain down before the close of the last act."

"Bad play?" queried the sagamore.

"The same old play," rejoined the scribe. "Poor Miss Canada in dire distress, Jonathan eager to rescue her from designing rogues. But those Windsor people, somehow—perhaps it's because they're so near the place where the alien labour law makes itself felt—they actually seemed to side with the villains of the piece."

"I s'pose," said the sagamore, "Mr. Wiman he's in that play."

"Mr. Wiman appeared at Sarnia about a week or so before," replied the reporter, "with a show of his own—on the same lines. He's working the same route this season."

"I s'pose," said Mr. Paul, "Goldwin Smith he's there."

"Unfortunately," said the reporter, "in doing some editorial work for the *Toronto Mail*, respecting the subject matter of the play itself, Mr. Smith sprained his vocabulary and couldn't appear. But the managers had a letter from him. And Dr. Brien—you notice his name begins with a B.—Balmaceda, Boulanger, Brien & Co.—he was in it. He used to be in Parliament. If the people properly appreciated genius, he'd be there still—but they don't, somehow. You see, they have never even elected me to par-

liament. However, Solomon in all his glory was there and the doctor was there and the letter of Goldwin Smith was there, and the spirits of Messrs. Wiman and Farrer were in the air thereabouts; and if it hadn't been for the non-appreciation of the Windsorians the play would have been a great success. You remember that the play, in all its varied phases, invariably ends with—not a passage at arms—but the passing of a series of resolutions. The 'Whereases' were the rock on which the company split."

"Crowd wouldn't stand that—eh?" commented Mr. Paul.

"No," said the reporter, "they wouldn't. Now, it has occurred to me that if the play were re-written in the last part, and a new set of 'Whereases' and so forth introduced, everything would go swimmingly."

"Like enough," admitted the sagamore.

"And in thinking the matter over," went on the reporter, "I have prepared a series that I propose to submit to the company."

"Let's hear 'um," said Mr. Paul.

The reporter forthwith produced a manuscript and read as follows:

"Whereas this country is still here and likely to stay, despite the gloomy prognostications of some disappointed galoots in various parts of it;

"And whereas the history of the United States does not suggest that the absorption of Canada into that country would lead to an immediate extinction of human selfishness, and therefore would not usher in an era of absolute political purity and general morality;

"And whereas there is such a sentiment as patriotism still extant in some quarters;

"And whereas the people of Canada as a whole have unbounded faith in the future of their country, despite hostile legislation to the south and the picayune statesmanship of alien labour laws;

"And whereas there is really not the slightest cause for rational despair, but on the contrary the soundest cause for confidence that out of present conditions and perplexities and shams and frauds will develop better and grander things in the line of national life and progress;

"And whereas Windsor is quite close to the United States border, with plenty of boats (belonging to smugglers and others) within easy reach;

"And whereas windbags and blatherskites are a source of weakness and a reproach to any people;

And whereas Mr. Sol. White, Dr. Brien, E. Farrer, Ald. Nash and other and sundry members of the company now playing in the Yankee fake styled the Continental Unity Club, if not windbags or blatherskites are at least liable to arrest on suspicion;

"Therefore resolved: that the people of Windsor procure a good sized scow and upon it place the living carcasses of the members of this company and propel them to the American side of the border, where they shall be soundly spanked with the oars of the scow and turned loose with the request that they join Uncle Jerry Rusk's rainmakers and proceed at once to Mexico or the Sahara."

"These resolutions," explained the reporter, "are not so longwinded as those which the Continental Unity Club tried to fire off in Windsor the other night, but they are a good deal more to the point."

"Yes," said the sagamore, "they'll do. You send 'em to Sol White right away. If they can't git no boats in Windsor you tell me and I'll git big canoe made right away. That's bully good play if they end it up like that."

It is understood that Uncle Jerry Rusk expects to start a cyclone in Kansas very soon by the bursting of a lot of Canadian windbags.

Mrs. Newbridge—"O, doctor, tell me what is the matter with my husband?" Dr. Sensible—"Um—er—he is suffering with a severe, but only temporary, paralysis of muscles, induced by an exaggerated internal application of stimulants." Mrs. Newbridge—"And the horrid cabdriver who brought him home said he was drunk."—*Spoken Moments.*